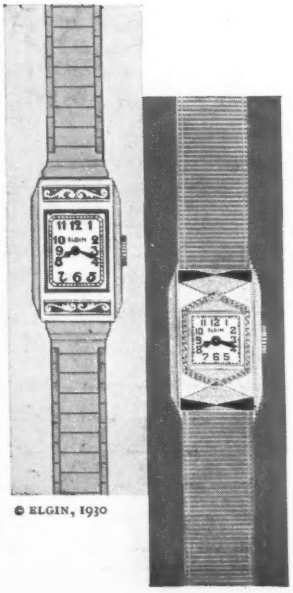
# CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

On Mummy's wrist is a pretty watch
On your wrist there is none
On this page is a fine idea
That ought to bring you one.

Snuggle up to your Daddy, tell him to
Buy Mummy an Elgin . . . lovely and new
And Mummy will give her watch to you
So Daddy buys *one* . . . and really gives *two!*



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*Left* . . . No. 965, Lady Elgin . . . $27.50
*Right* . . . No. 105, Parisienne by Louise-boulanger . . . . . $35

ELGIN

AN AMERICAN MADE WATCH

# To women engaged in the world's most important profession . . . Motherhood

***If you have asked yourself these questions on the feeding of children . . . here are the answers based on findings of science.***

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Question: What is a whole grain cereal?

Answer: Some cereals in the milling process discard all of the bran and the vital part of the grain. Others keep only part of each. Quaker Oats is the outstanding *whole* grain cereal because it keeps *all* of the bran and *all* of the vital part of the oat.

Question: Why are whole grain cereals better for children than other cereals?

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4 ***A rich, zestful flavor*** no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

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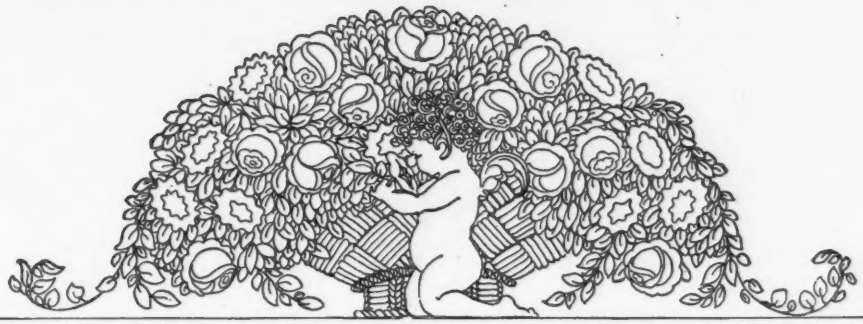

Volume IX
Number VI

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***The Children's Own Magazine***

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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ESTABLISHED 1921—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1921, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor; F. L. MCNALLY, Managing Editor and Business Manager; MARJORIE BARROWS, Associate Editor; E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Advertising Manager; ANTHONY R. GOULD, Circulation Manager.

TERMS: To the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico, **$3.00 per year; single copies 35 cents.** Other foreign countries, **$4.00 per year.**

Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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F. L. MCNALLY - - Vice-President

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**NEW YORK**

**559 Mission Street**
**SAN FRANCISCO**

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MADE IN U. S. A.

# That important meal . . . *the children's supper*

BY THE TIME the sun goes down your children have reached the end of ten busy hours. They've been to school. They've worked and played long and hard.

Then comes that important meal, supper. It must be inviting and wholesome, nourishing and quickly assimilated — for you want them to scamper off to bed happy and ready for sleep.

Many mothers build the children's evening meal around a bowl of milk or cream and Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Dietitians say it's a well-balanced dish for supper. It provides a change from heavier foods. It furnishes quick energy and is unusually easy to digest — important for healthful sleep.

You'll find Kellogg's Corn Flakes wonderful as a conveyor of milk at meals and between meals. Fruits or honey may be added for variety. Kellogg's have a crispness and delicate flavor that children love. They tempt sluggish appetites.

In fact, so deliciously better in both flavor and crispness are Kellogg's Corn Flakes that they have become the world's largest-selling, ready-to-eat cereal.

Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. You'll like the exclusive inner sealed wax-tite wrapper which *keeps* Kellogg's oven-fresh in your pantry.

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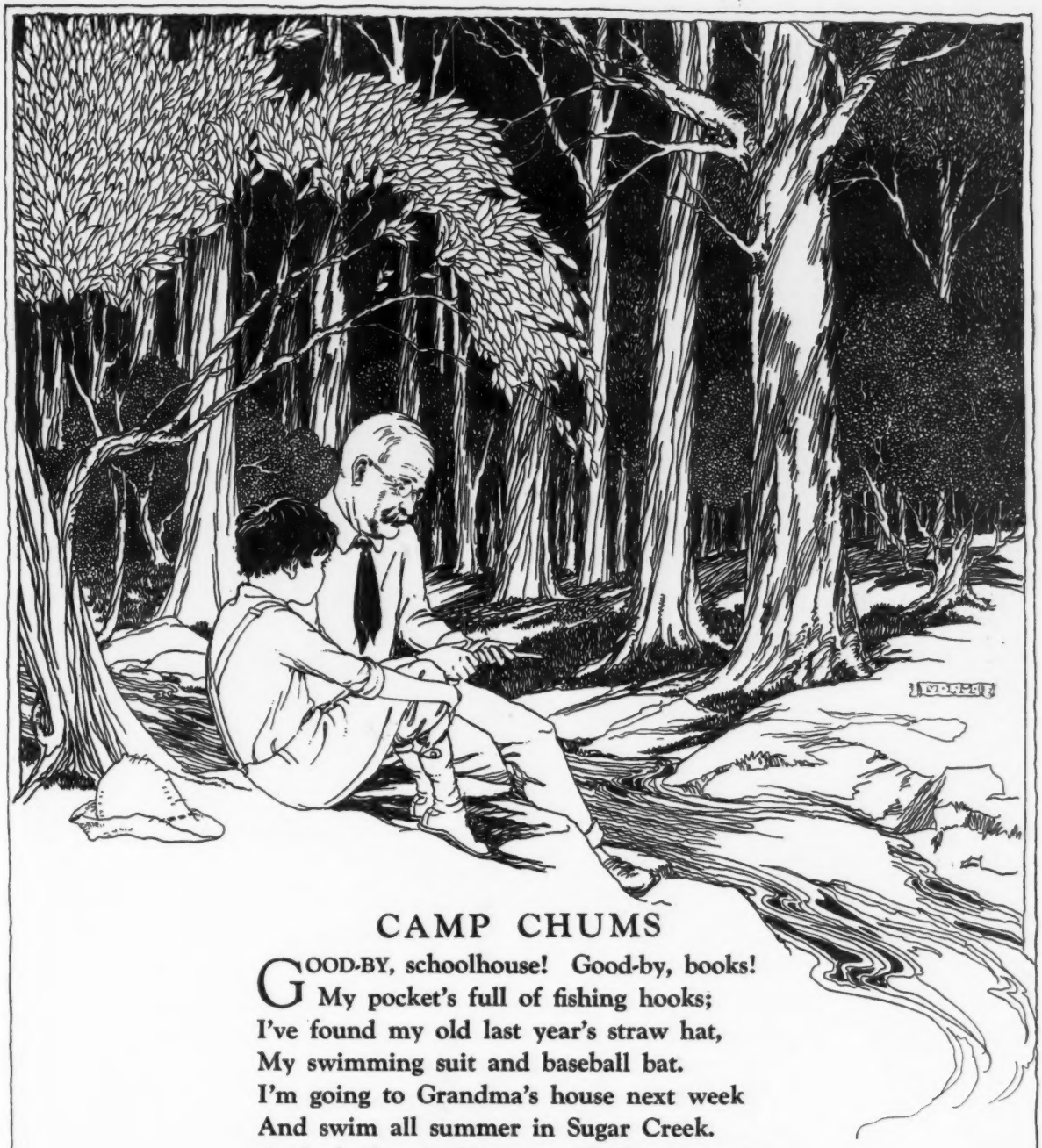
CORN FLAKES

*Write the Home Economics Department of the Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich., and we will be glad to send free literature and advice on child feeding and diet. Your own physician should be consulted in the event of ill health and sickness — ours is in no sense a medical service.*

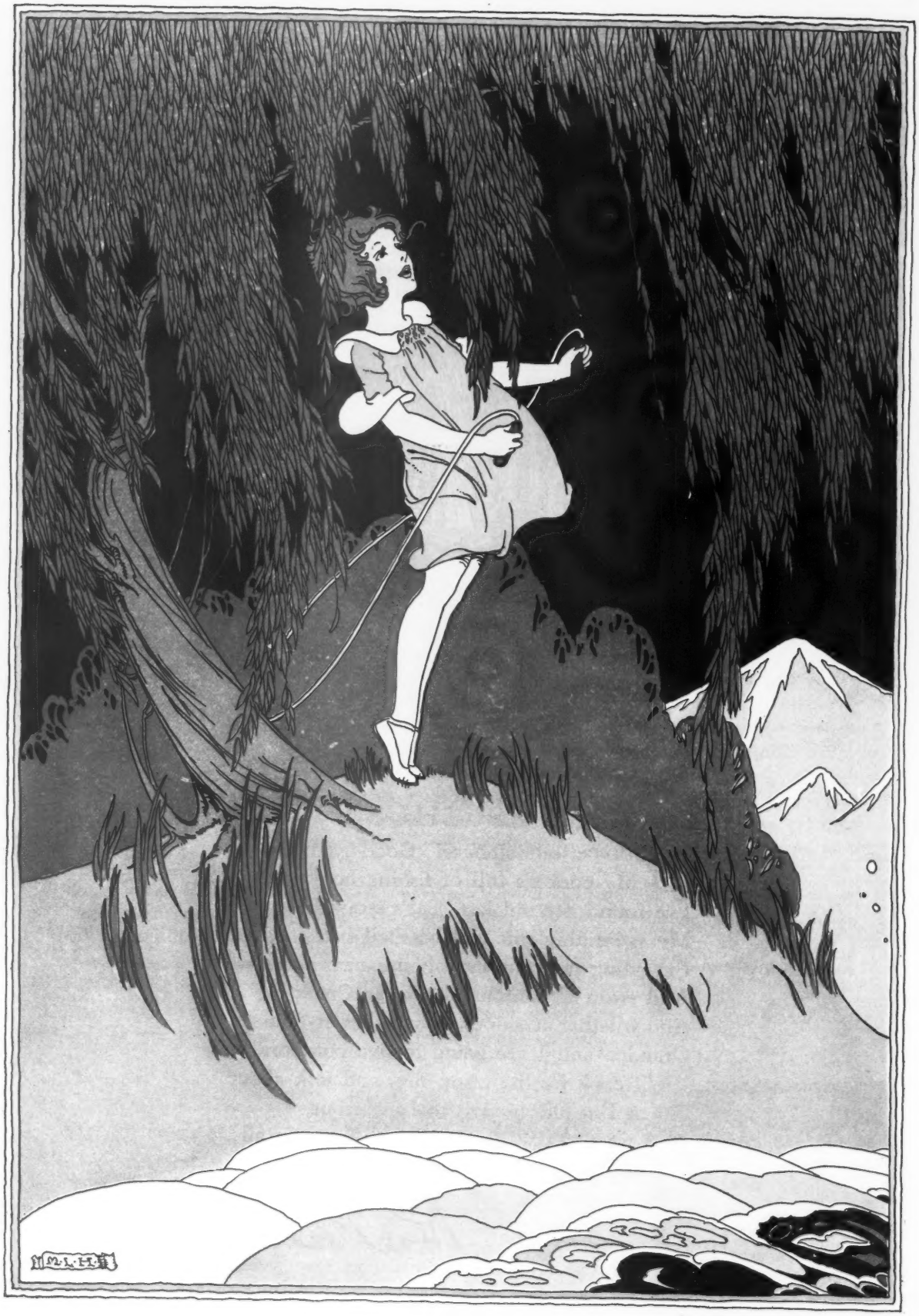


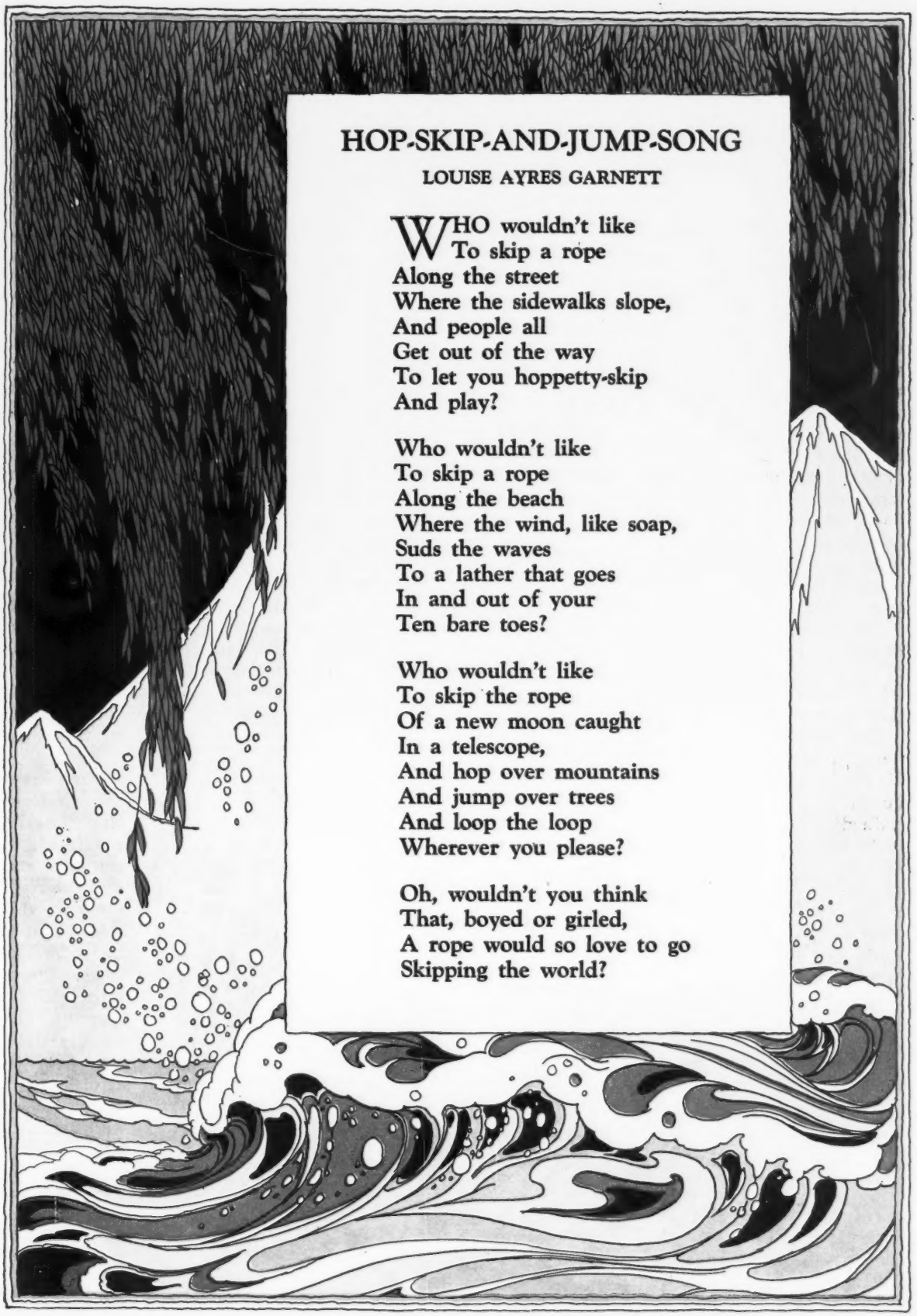
## CAMP CHUMS

GOOD-BY, schoolhouse! Good-by, books!
My pocket's full of fishing hooks;
I've found my old last year's straw hat,
My swimming suit and baseball bat.
I'm going to Grandma's house next week
And swim all summer in Sugar Creek.
And whether it shines or whether it pours
Grandpa and I are going to live outdoors.
We'll cook by the camp fire, and talk about
When I'm old enough to be a scout
And we don't want to be in a house at all
Till the school bell rings again next fall.

Rose Waldo

Editor





## HOP-SKIP-AND-JUMP-SONG

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

WHO wouldn't like
To skip a rope
Along the street
Where the sidewalks slope,
And people all
Get out of the way
To let you hoppetty-skip
And play?

Who wouldn't like
To skip a rope
Along the beach
Where the wind, like soap,
Suds the waves
To a lather that goes
In and out of your
Ten bare toes?

Who wouldn't like
To skip the rope
Of a new moon caught
In a telescope,
And hop over mountains
And jump over trees
And loop the loop
Wherever you please?

Oh, wouldn't you think
That, boyed or girled,
A rope would so love to go
Skipping the world?

# DIG, LONNY, DIG!

By EDITH MASON ARMSTRONG

Author of *"The Three Agathas."*

STARTLING news had come from "Rest a While!" as their mother had named the Mason family's summer home at Lake Delavan, Wisconsin. Sneak thieves had entered it, and had stolen a set of silverware which Mrs. Mason had locked in a cupboard drawer in the kitchen. It was valuable, even though she kept it only for use in the country, and she wished she had not left it there when the house had been boarded up for the winter. Besides, the dining room and pantry had been thoroughly ransacked before the thieves had been frightened away, and she did not know if anything else had been taken.

As a result she decided that they had all better go up to the country at once, instead of waiting as they usually did, until the middle of June.

"The sooner we get there, the better chance we'll have of getting those village authorities on the trail of the housebreakers," Mr. Mason agreed, as they all sat down to their last breakfast that season, in their city home. Not till September would they return.

The dining room, with its big walnut sideboard at one end and the long table down the middle, and smaller one in the bay window overlooking the yard, was the same as usual, but there was an excitement in the air which made everything seem different to the children. They were going to Delavan, and they were leaving a week early, to find out about the stolen silver.

Their father had to tell first one of the six little brothers, and then another, and their three little sisters as well, that the child who couldn't eat couldn't travel.

At last they all finished and it was time to pile into the two carriages waiting at the door to take them to the train.

They had been on their way about two hours and had settled down to the joys of the journey, each child with a toy or picture book, when the conductor put his head in the door of the car and called, "Western Union Junction!" Passengers for Delavan changed cars here, and after that it was only another hour's ride to their destination.

As the train came to a stop, the elder boys seized the various suit cases and parcels with which they had been entrusted and surged noisily from the train.

"Western Union Junction! Western Union Junction!" Hunny whooped, leap-frogging over Julian, who in his efforts to be first, had fallen on one knee on the station platform.

Mrs. Mason and Miss Rowe, the English governess, got out next, each with two of the younger children by the hand. The maids followed, laden with numerous last minute packages from the kitchen. Mr. Mason, loaded with suit cases, was the last.

Just as the train was about to continue on its way, Lonny set up a terrific howl.

"I've left my spoon behind,

my nice iron spoon that the cook gave me to dig with!" he wailed.

Quick-witted Hunny, realizing what had happened, sprang up on the platform of the train which the astonished conductor accommodatingly held for him, ran into the car they had just left and retrieved the spoon from one of the velvet seats.

"Oh, Hunny, you smart boy!" said his mother. "Lonny would have fretted all the way out to the lake! But what on earth did you want such a thing for?" she asked the younger boy, as they all sat down on the station benches to await the coming of the Delavan train.

Lonny hung his head, fingering the spoon lovingly. "I just wanted it," he muttered, not at all anxious to explain himself to the whole family.

Edie was the only one who understood. She and Lonny had a game which they called "Buried Treasure." They played it every year at Delavan. During the summer they hunted on the beach for shells and pretty stones. These collections they put in cigar boxes and buried when it was time to go back to the city. Then when they returned to Delavan the following season, they pretended they were pirates, seeking treasure, and gave themselves the thrill of digging them up again. That was what she and Lonny were looking forward to doing the minute they arrived; and Lonny had brought the spoon with him to be sure to have something with which to dig.

"Mine was the biggest box; remember, Edie?" he said to his sister, as they climbed with the others into the long bus, that met the family when they reached the station in the little village of Delavan, and which was to take them out to their home on the lake shore.

"Well, mine were the prettiest stones," replied Edie. "Don't you remember that big red stone like a ruby, I found by the pier? And those two shiny white ones, that looked like pearls?"

The three-mile drive seemed very long to these two adventurers with treasure seeking in view, although the horses trotted briskly along the rain-swept highway, between newly-planted fields of corn and fresh green woods.

At every familiar landmark the children screamed with delight.

"There's Mr. Sutter's barn. There's the bridge over the outlet. Here we are at Mrs. King's corner!"

A turn in the road revealed a glimpse of the water, always the most thrilling moment of the ride.

"There's the lake! There's the lake!" shouted the whole crowd.

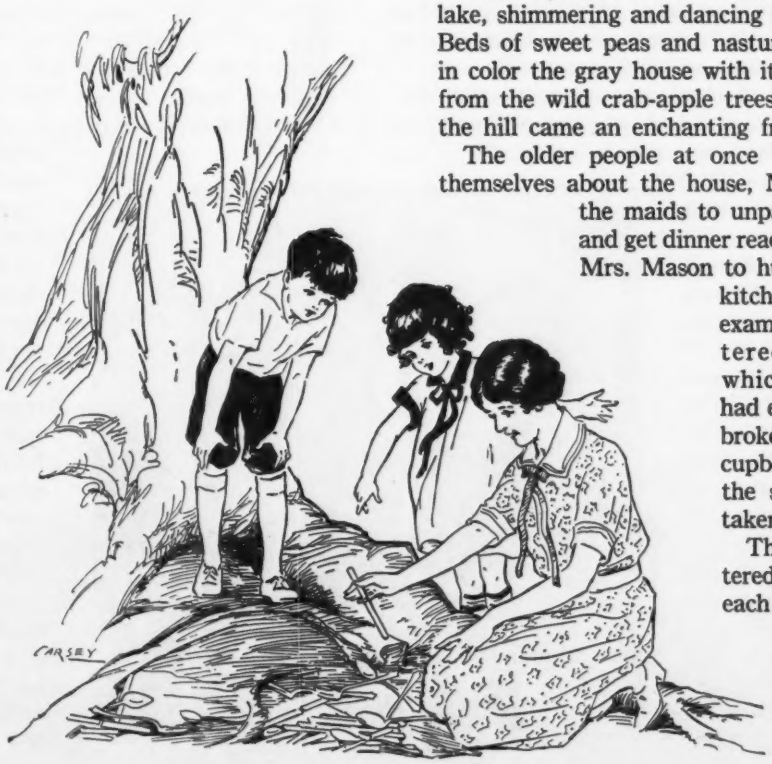
Not many minutes later the bus creaked its way through the Von Suissmilch woods, so named after the doctor whose summer place was next to the Masons, and turned down their own lane.

William Tully, the twinkly-eyed Irishman, who took care of the place, met them at the gate, and the children greeted him uproariously.

On went the bus, rattling over the bridge at the head of a little valley and down the winding road, until it stopped at the side steps of a wide veranda which surrounded the large, comfortable looking house which was their home.

Out they all climbed. Before them lay the lake, shimmering and dancing in the sunlight. Beds of sweet peas and nasturtiums outlined in color the gray house with its red roof, and from the wild crab-apple trees at the foot of the hill came an enchanting fragrance.

The older people at once began to busy themselves about the house, Miss Rowe and the maids to unpack the trunks, and get dinner ready, and Mr. and Mrs. Mason to hurry out to the kitchen where they examined the shattered window by which the thieves had entered, and the broken lock on the cupboard from which the silver had been taken.



The children scattered over the lawn, each to his favorite haunt—the swing down by the ice house,

[*Continued on page 289*]

# THE OWL CALL

By Samuel Scoville Jr.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," "More Wild Folks," "Lords of the Wild," etc.

THE bird-migration month of May was past and the band were now spending most of their spare time birds-nesting. Every afternoon after school and all day on Saturday they would hunt and hunt. Whenever they found a nest each of them wrote in his blank bird-book when and where it was found, what it was made of, how many eggs there were, how they looked, how the parent-birds looked, what they did, what they said—there were lots of things to set down. Then the third, who had a new camera, would take a photograph of the nest and each of the band would paste a print of it in his bird-book. Then they would visit the different nests as often as they could and write down what they saw.

The captain said that notes on nests and birds were always valuable. Anybody might find out something, even from the most ordinary nest, that had never been known before. That was the reason, he said, why all the great ornithologists of the country were so anxious to have people make notes about the birds. Only, he told the band, they must write down only what they were sure they saw and heard and never guess at anything. He said, too, that this was a much better way of collecting than taking the nests and eggs, for that was like spending principal. There would never be any more income from the nests, such as the fun of visiting them and showing them to other bird-lovers, and seeing the young birds when they came and watching them be fed. Then, too, each egg taken meant one bird less and nearly every bird was worth a dollar a year to the farmers because of the insects and weed-seeds it ate.

The captain had promised to show them how to find a meadow lark's nest, for which they had hunted many times in the pasture without success. Taking a long string he tied one end to Trottie's left and the other to Honey's right leg just above the ankle. They moved out until the cord was taut, and then started across the meadow. The string touched the top of the long grass over a space of nearly a hundred feet. The rest of the band and the captain deployed out and followed behind. They had not gone twenty yards when, right in front of the swishing cord, a brown streaked bird flew up. The band dashed to the place and there, fastened to the long grasses and touching the ground, was a nest made of weed-stalks lined with grass and holding five pale-blue eggs, all scrawled and spotted with strange dark purple and black marks. The streaked bird and a magnificent black bird, which wore a scarlet epaulette on each shoulder, edged with buff and white, flew around and around,

making sharp, scolding notes. It was the nest of the red-winged blackbird, which more often builds on a tussock or in a low bush in swamps than on the ground.

The band took a recess to write up their bird-books and then started the drag again. On the slope of a little hill a big brown bird, with a bright yellow breast with a black crescent on it, sprang from the grass and glided away, showing white tail-feathers as it flew. Again the band rushed to the spot, where the bird had flown up, but hunt as they would they could find no nest.

"Look back of the string," said the captain. "This bird usually runs away from its nest before it flies."

The band took his advice, and fully ten feet from where the sly bird started up, Henny-Penny found on the ground a big nest made of woven grass, arched over in front, and holding five large white eggs speckled thick with reddish-brown spots. When the band had finished writing up this find it was getting towards supper time and the captain decided to bivouac in the New Forest.

The forest was a wood of beech trees between two round green hills that the captain had once discovered. At its very heart was a bubbling spring of clear water that never froze in winter nor failed in summer. At the edge of the wood was the haunted house, which the band planned to explore some day when they all felt unusually brave. As soon as they entered the forest the whole band changed. Henny-Penny became Will Scarlet; Alice was Maid Marian. The captain wanted to be Robin Hood, but the band unkindly decided that he was built on the exact lines of Friar Tuck. Trottie was appointed Robin Hood over all other competitors, because of the fact that he alone could wind a hunting horn. It was carried in his pocket and looked much like a whistle. The third, as the tallest, became Little John and Honey was Alan-a-Dale. Thus changed, the band followed a dim path fringed with whitethorn bloom and sprays of sweet viburnum. Against the amber afterglow showed the faint tracery of the late-leafing beeches. As the path wound its way among the white, bare boles, the woods had the effect of a sudden silence.

"They've stopped talking," said Robin Hood in a hushed voice.

"Who?" queried Will Scarlet, in a startled whisper.

"Oh—they," Robin said mysteriously and the band with one accord closed up around the Friar, while a little hand that seemed to belong to that dashing blade, Will Scarlet, slipped into one of his.

At last the gallant company reached a bank all blue and white with enameled innocents. In front was the bare path on which the camp fire was always kindled. The band scattered for firewood, although not far, for there were too many lurking shadows among those tree trunks. Then came the lighting of the camp fire. This was always the duty of Friar Tuck. Time was when he had done it with a flint arrowhead, an old file and tinder made from a half-charred rag and carried in the shell of a Mauser cartridge. Having thus given the band a taste of his real quality as a woodsman, he had, however, gone back to the more prosaic safety match.

It was the rule of the camp fire that the fire-lighter must be limited to one match. If he failed, the honor descended to Little John and so on in succession down to Maid Marian, the newest recruit. The Friar took no chances. With great care he selected four dry beech leaves and broke a handful of tiny dry twigs from a hornbeam near-by. The leaves were crumpled into a ball, and over this a little tepee was built from twigs. Above this were criss-crossed layers of beech and black-oak branches, and then, with this structure as a

hub, was built a wheel of heavy beech, hornbeam, red cedar and white oak limbs, all of which make a hot, clear flame and good coals for cooking.

When the fire was built at last to the Friar's liking, he knelt down on the windward side, match in hand. It was a tense moment. The match spluttered and Little John and Robin Hood anxiously watched a tongue of flame creep up through the leaf-ball to the dry twigs. It would be unworthy of their fair fame to say that they hoped that for once the tiny flame would flicker and die out in darkness. Probably the sigh that they heaved when the inner pyre of twigs at last turned into a heart of fire was one of relief rather than of disappointment. At any rate, five minutes later all powers of darkness fled for their lives before the steady roaring column of smokeless flame that surged up.

There followed feasting and wassail. Great haunches of venison broiled hissingly at the end of green hornbeams spits and tasted much like mutton chops. Flagons of Adam's ale were quaffed and there was song and story while the loving cup—it was of the folding variety—was passed from hand to hand. Then as the fire died down to a steady glow of red embers, the band moved in closer while the Friar related, without undue modesty, divers of his adventures by field and flood. Thereafter Alan-a-Dale recited sundry selections from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" recently memorized after school as a penalty for things ill-done and undone. It must have been the tale of that wondrous wizard, Michael Scott, and his book of gramarie that started the Friar on a quest for renown.

"Hist," he said impressively, and heaved himself up beside the dying fire. There was not a sound in the sleeping forest. Wood-folk, water-folk—all were still. Then from the pursed lips of the Friar came a long, wavering, mournful call. Sad it was, with a certain eerie wildness of quality like a lonely wind shrilling at midnight through gaunt branches. Again and again the sound shuddered away across the neighboring hills. Suddenly, so far away that at first it seemed an echo, it was answered. Again and again the call sounded and each time the answer came nearer and louder, and it was evident that whatever had been called was coming fast. Then suddenly across the firelight drifted a dark form with fiery eyes and silent wings. With one accord the band threw themselves on the Friar, who rocked under the impact.

"Oo—o—oo!" observed Maid Marian loudly.

"Don't do it any more, Fathy," wailed little Will Scarlet.

"Can't you stop *it* comin'?" inquired Alan-a-Dale, anxiously.

"Oughtn't we to draw a circle around the fire?" whispered Robin Hood.

"No, a pen-pen-pentacle," stuttered Little John.

The Friar stopped.

"I am surprised, comrades," he said severely. "You aren't afraid of an old screech owl, are you?"

"N-n-n-no," quavered Will Scarlet, "if you're sure it's an owl."

"Certain sure," asserted the Friar, and gave the call again, this time with a long tremolo note at the end. Around and around the light, but never across it, skimmed the owl, and ever it gave its cry, the sweetest, weirdest, of all the night-notes. Finally it lighted on a tree near-by and began a little crooning call—the love-song of its kind, which the Friar could only approximate. It waited for an answer, giving at times another little squawking note, which was also beyond the Friar. At last, disgusted at his clumsy attempts to continue a conversation so well begun, it melted silently away into the darkness.

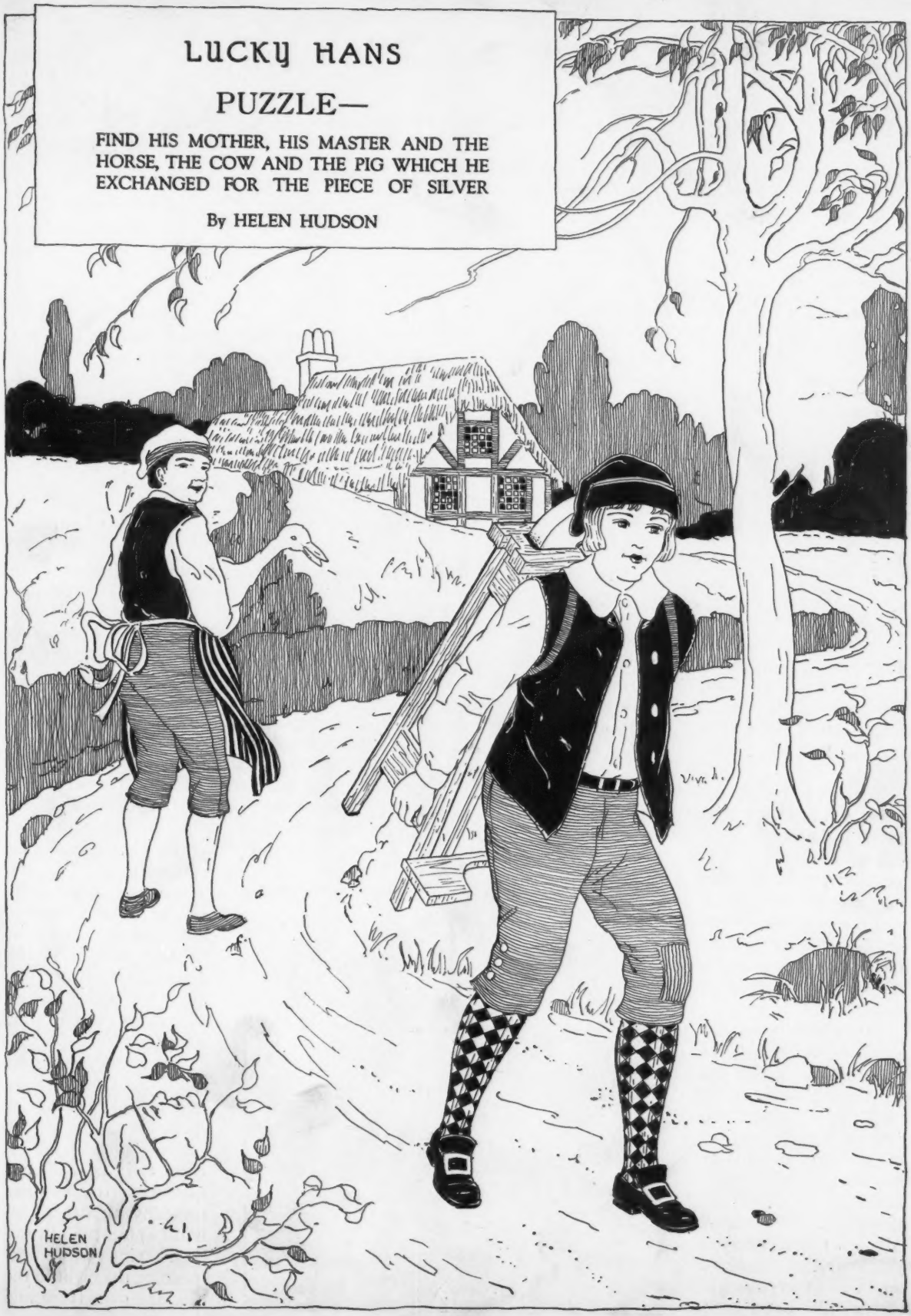
Anything after that performance would be an anti-climax, the band felt. Water was poured on the blaze and earth heaped over the hissing embers and under the sullen flare of Antares and Arcturus, the band started homeward through dim wood-roads and flower-scented lanes. Will Scarlet and Maid Marian frankly claimed either hand of the Friar, and in the darkest places even the redoubtable Robin himself casually took possession of an unoccupied thumb.

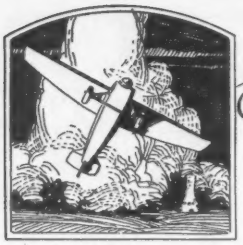
*(The Owl Call is another story you will want your teacher to read aloud in school.)*

# LUCKY HANS PUZZLE—

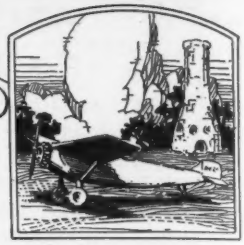
FIND HIS MOTHER, HIS MASTER AND THE HORSE, THE COW AND THE PIG WHICH HE EXCHANGED FOR THE PIECE OF SILVER

By HELEN HUDSON





# CHIMNEYPORT



By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Slim and his friends—Nick, Cupe, Bill, Andy, and Tim—are disappointed when they learn that their town isn't likely to have a municipal airport, for two reasons. There aren't enough people willing to subscribe for shares of the stock and the only land level enough belongs to old Mr. Weatherbee who will not sell. Slim is eager for the boys to get haying jobs with Mr. Weatherbee, a man of hermitlike habits, so that they may earn money to buy a share of the stock and also because he is interested in having a closer view of the mysterious old chimney on his place. They are timid about approaching him, but when Slim saves the life of his dog, Bruno, who has been attacked by a porcupine, Mr. Weatherbee is so grateful that he gives them the jobs. He declares that he has left the huge chimney standing because it is his philosophy that if one saves a thing long enough a use will be found for it. Slim and Cupe, spending the night in the chamber that forms the base of the chimney, are aroused from a sound sleep by a sudden blaze of skyrockets outside, and they realize that the other boys, grown curious, have come back to stay with them. Then they hear another sound—a crippled airplane above them. Slim quickly orders the others to light their flares and send up their rockets, so that they may light the pilot down.

## PART III

THE plane came clearly into vision again, in the glare of the red and blue flares. A skilled pilot was mushing her in, down—down; softly she struck into the pleasant earth of Weatherbee's mowing, taxied almost into a haycock, and came to a stop.

The boys started across the field to greet their guest and modestly accept his praise at their lighting him down so well. But the man who climbed out of the cockpit looked too wilted to express gratitude, even. His face had a queer twist to it and one arm hung limp.

"How far is it to Boston?" he asked hoarsely. "I've got to get through to-night."

"It's eighty-six miles," volunteered Andy. "But you can't very well get there to-night. The train isn't until morning and you can't go in a car because one of the bridges on the state road went out with the cloudburst this afternoon. And say, Mister, I don't believe you could get anywhere anyhow. You're hurt."

"Let him down easy, boys," Slim ordered. "Run for that pail of water at the chimney, Cupe. You know where it is. And bring the lantern back with you. Here, Bill, help undo this buckle."

While Cupe went with startling speed on his errand the others knelt by the aviator's side and, all too clumsy-fingered, they tried to get him out of his trappings and make him comfortable on the ground.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The call, coming out of the darkness at their very elbows, startled them. The aviator's eyelids fluttered and his lips moved. Slim leaned nearer and caught his words.

"Tell that beast to shut up. If it hadn't been for him—"

The story wasn't finished until Cupe had come, bearing the cool, refreshing water. The stranger sat up then.

"That rooster—he's my mascot, you know—he's made a couple hundred flights with me and never done anything more original than crow when we landed—until to-day. To-day, right on the tail end of a thunder shower, he decided to fly! I made a grab for him and slipped and cracked my elbow, I guess. Didn't hurt so much at the time, but it began to grind in after a while. Made my head funny. I lost my bearings. Believe me, I was glad to see your flares. What airport is this?"

"Well, it isn't exactly fixed up yet," Slim replied apologetically. "In fact, it isn't an airport yet. In fact, it isn't going to be an airport. That is—"

"Beg pardon?" The man cupped his hand behind his ear. "These motors get our hearing sometimes—"

Slim began all over again, but he floundered so pathetically that Nick spoke for him.

"He's trying to say that this is Orange, Massachusetts, and there isn't any airport. This is just a place where we've been haying and we were spending the night in the chimney over there and

happened to have some fireworks, so when we heard your engine coughing we set them off."

The man held up the lantern with his good arm and peered unbelievingly into the faces of one after another of the boys.

"Are you all like that ?"he inquired.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" came a muffled cry from the depths of Bill's coat where the "beast" was now imprisoned.

"I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd said, 'cuckoo,'" the aviator remarked grimly, then went on, his voice strained and anxious. "It doesn't make so much difference how I happened to land safe, though. The important thing is, how am I going to get to Boston to-night?"

"You aren't going to," Nick said positively. "You're all used up."

"But I must." The young man's voice was almost a wail. He looked very white. "It's the only big job I've ever had, in all my five years of barnstorming. I've got to go through. Can't you get me a taxi or something? Eighty-six miles—it'd take all my earnings to go in a taxi, but it'd be worth it, if it got me there on time."

"Oh, surely," Slim broke in, eager to be of help, "we can get a car."

"Don't be so sure," Nick interrupted. "You weren't in town and didn't hear. There was a cloudburst this afternoon. It sent the river over its banks, and carried the road away in a dozen places. There are crews working, but they won't have things passable for hours."

"Then isn't there a train?" the barnstormer asked.

The boys shook their heads. "Nothing out of here before morning."

"We'd like to accommodate you, sir," Slim said, "but the chances don't look very good, do they? Is your errand so very important?"

"Important! Only as the difference between peace and war is important! The Senor Massileo must sail for Europe before dawn to-morrow. By American courtesy he should be permitted to leave the country. But by American law he cannot."

"I—we don't understand," Slim said, staring.

"The Senor Massileo of a South American republic has been delivering lectures at the summer political institute at Williams College. Surely you can understand that. And then suddenly—a delicate situation has arisen back home. There is danger of an invasion by their next-door neighbor—or danger that they themselves may hot-headedly invade. He has been summoned to represent his country before the World Court. He left Williamstown this noon. The liner sails before daybreak." The man shook his head unhappily.

"But noon—he would have plenty of time to reach Boston by now," Andy puzzled. "He can sail—"

"Except for this—" The man clumsily fumbled under his injured arm and produced a paper.

"His passport!" Slim guessed, gasping.

He nodded. "He left it in his hotel, and wired back for it to be sent on, by air. I happened to be around and started out with it. I thought I could move heaven and earth to get it to him. But it seems I can't." He smiled wryly. "He cannot leave this country nor enter Europe without it. And if he cannot sail by to-morrow, it may be too late. He is carrying documents, things that cable and radio cannot be trusted with. All South America may be involved. He does not wish his country to invade, or be invaded. He is one of the strongest peacemakers in the world. I thought I was going to help—do my bit—and here I stand—just—talking." His voice grew weaker. They thought he was going to faint again.

Slim picked up the precious passport as it slipped from his fingers.

"You fellows stay here and take care of him. I'm going to get this passport to Senor Massileo if I have to walk."

"Yes, you are!" They were not scoffing. They were only telling him that it was impossible.

"Slim, you don't realize—about that storm. You weren't in town to hear about it. Every railroad in forty miles is disabled. Why take Bud Russell, from the Gardner airport, you know. He flies *anything*. But he got caught. Made a forced landing

near the Fresh Air Camp at South Athol. He telephoned in that his plane was so used up he'd be eight or ten hours repairing it. He wants it ready for the big holiday crowds on the Fourth."

"Eight or ten hours? When was that?" Slim squealed.

"About six o'clock. What—where are you going?"

"To South Athol and see Bud Russell."

"Slim!"

"Yes, I am. It's only five miles."

"But you can't get there."

"I can if it's still on the map."

"You—you'll have to swim."

"I can swim."

"The Upper Branch of Swift River—"

"Bye-bye."

In a moment Cupe took charge.

"Bill and I'll stay here and take care of the man. You other fellows follow Slim and see that he doesn't do anything reckless."

Obediently the boys set off. Slim, carefully guarding his paper, was glad of their company. Tim scouted ahead a little to spy out danger spots in the road.

One mile, two miles, they covered at a steady dog-trot before they reached the edge of the storm-stricken area. For a time, even then, they found nothing more dangerous than a few deep mud puddles to paddle through. They wondered if they would have done better, after all, to have got a car.

Suddenly Tim gave warning.

"Don't slip. Mud's pretty deep here and getting deeper."

A minute later he halted, and looked about him in bewilderment. The night was moonless, dark. "I guess I've steered you off the road. Wasn't there a bridge along here somewhere? We must have missed it."

"A good thing we did!" Andy exclaimed, pointing. "Isn't that it, hung up sideways against that tree?"

It was. In the dim light they could make out the outlines of it.

"It isn't more than twenty feet long, though," Nick remarked hopefully.

"But an awful lot of water can run under a twenty-foot bridge-space, especially after a cloudburst. How'll we do it? Swim?"

To all but Slim this was agreeable.

"I can't take any chances on that passport getting wet."

"You might carry it on your head," Andy suggested.

Nick laughed. "That looks good in the movies and reads pretty well in a storybook, but I don't believe it would work, without practice."

"Then we'll practice," Slim said easily. "Tim, you and Andy stand here with the paper and wait. Nick and I'll go across. I'm light and Nick can do a chest-carry. I'll help myself some with my feet but I'll keep my hands well out of water. If I find I can do it I'll swim back and let Andy carry me, with the real passport."

"But what am I?" Tim inquired. "A piece of parlor furniture?"

"No. You're reserve forces. If anything happens you'll do whatever's necessary!"

"Just like that," Tim laughed. It sounded a little fantastic, but the boys had no better scheme to offer.

Nick and Slim stepped gingerly into the mucky, swift-flowing current. Slim adjusted himself to his liking and they were off. It took only a minute or two. It looked very easy to the boys waiting on shore.

"They're dry as a bone," Slim announced, referring to his hands. "I'll be back directly."

And he was. It was all so simple that Tim, too, hurried into the water as soon as Andy set off with Slim tucked comfortably under one arm. It had looked easy—but Andy was not as expert as Nick. He started off with more of a flourish than he could keep up. The chill and force of the stream took him unaware. He let go of Slim, just for a moment—just to get a better carry-hold.

Whereupon, amidst the cries of the others, Slim, completely bent on floating, and keeping his arms and their load high above the flood, floated feet-first, off downstream. He brought up abruptly, a-straddle one handrail of the stranded, lopping bridge. After a moment of wondering what had happened, he sat up. He jiggled gently, testing the strength of his position. The bridge seemed fairly well lodged against the tree.

"We're coming after you," Nick called.

"Better not! This won't hold any more," Slim warned.

He slipped the passport carefully between his teeth, managed to stand, and balancing carefully, started stepping shoreward. Suddenly he stopped.

His comrades, watching in the darkness, were breathless, eager for him to reach safety. He was so small, beside them, somehow [*Continued on page 286*]

# CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

Chip's Chums were looking forward to a perfect picnic in the woods. And Ted's nameless new donkey was taking them there just as fast he thought best.

"I'm hungry! And I *do* wish lunch hadn't gone on ahead with Mother and Chip!" sighed Dick. At that, the donkey stopped short, and began nibbling a bush.

"Giddap!" cried Bab. "Hurry up, slowpoke!" shouted Betsy Ann. But coaxes and sugar, threats, pulls and pushes only made their steed stay where he was.

Then Ted cut a switch from the donkey's lunch bush, and with it christened his firm pet "Stub," short for "Stubborn." But only the cart got a kick out of *that!*

It wasn't until a barking, excited Chip came bounding back to look for them, though, that Stub decided to finish his lunch and break all speed records!

# HERE ARE 150 PRIZES

## FIRST PRIZE—A REAL LIVE SHETLAND PONY

*For the Best Answer From a Boy or Girl*

### Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Girls Will be Awarded in the Following Order

A $75 Add-a-pearl Necklace consisting of 27 genuine oriental pearls.
Iver Johnson Girls' Roadster Bicycle with New Departure Coaster Brake.
A Schoenhut Furnished 4-room Doll House.
Eastman Folding Kodak No. 1A, series II.
Doll's Wardrobe Trunk.
Empire Electric Stove and Oven with Utensils.
Playroom Kitchen Cabinet.
Lincoln Marionette Show with 3 marionettes and material for 3 more.
Singer Sewing Machine for making doll clothes.

### Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Boys Will be Awarded in the Following Order

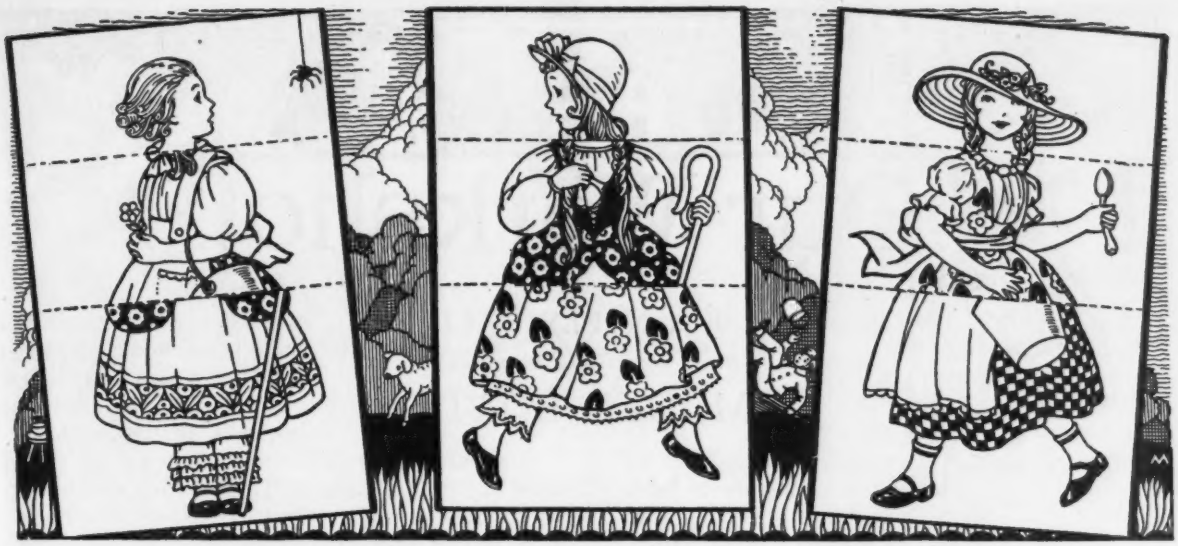
American Flyer's President's Special electric train set and transformer.
Iver Johnson Super Mobike Bicycle with New Departure Coaster Brake.
Meccano Set No. 40 with motor.
Silver Ace Flying Model of Curtis Robin Plane.
Weeden Electrically Heated Steam Engine.
Chest of 14 Stanley Tools.
30 inch Schoenhut Sail Boat "Saturne."
Silver Ace Flying Model Pursuit Plane.
Knapp Master Magic Set No. 3.

## And The Following Prizes For Either Boys or Girls

20th and 21st Prizes—Each a Merri-O-Galloper.
22nd to 25th Prizes—Each a Pair of Nestor Johnson Jr. Ice Skates with shoes.
26th to 35th Prizes—Each a Scott's Modern Stamp Album and 2000 stamps.
36th to 45th Prizes—Each a Pair of Chicago Rubber Tire Roller Skates.
46th to 55th Prizes—Each a Knapp Electric Questioner.
56th to 65th Prizes—Each a Triple Set of Lincoln Logs.
66th to 75th Prizes—Each a Pair of Kangaroo Springshus.
76th to 80th Prizes—Each a Falcon Playtown Set
81st to 100th Prizes—Each a Kokomo Electric Flat Iron if a girl or a Structo Giant Steam Shovel if a boy.
101st to 125th Prizes—Each a copy of "Heidi" if a girl or "King Arthur" if a boy.
126th to 150th Prizes—Each a copy of the "Child Life Cook Book" if a girl or "Making Things with Tools" if a boy.

## A Surprise Package For Every One

Besides all these 150 prizes Child Life will send to every boy or girl who sends in a complete entry a surprise package.



# IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO WIN A PRIZE

## *Make pictures out of these puzzles now!*

**ANY boy or girl, whether a subscriber to Child Life or not, who will not reach his or her thirteenth birthday by September 5th, 1930, may enter this contest, except children of Rand McNally & Company employees.**

Cut out the three pictures at the top of the page and cut them apart along the dotted lines. Paste or pin them together to make three complete pictures so that each one will look like some one of the small pictures on this page. Put the right name on each large picture, such as "Robin Hood," etc.

Save these three pictures and keep them with the pictures that were in the May Child Life.

**If you do not have the pictures from the May issue, write the "Prize Editor, % Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago," to send you copies of the May puzzle pictures free.**

When the July issue of Child Life is out, June 25th, do the same thing with the three puzzles you will find in there. In the August issue there will be another set of these puzzles. Save all four sets—twelve pictures. Then write a short letter telling what hero or heroine you like best in any book. The character need not be one whose picture is in the contest.

Send the four sets of these pictures together with the letter to Prize Editor, % Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, to arrive before midnight September 5th, 1930. Be sure your age, name and address are with the pictures.

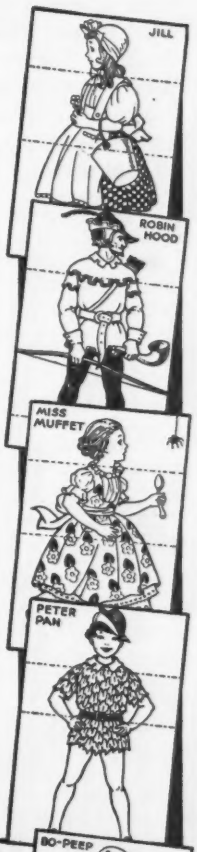
To every boy or girl, who has not reached his or her thirteenth birthday, from whom we receive a complete entry (the 12 pictures and the letter), Child Life will send a surprise package. Your entry may also win one of the 150 Grand Prizes listed on the opposite page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Originality in the letter will count. The judges will be appointed by Child Life. Their decision will be final. The list of prize winners will be announced in the November, 1930, Child Life.

No pictures or letters will be returned. Rand McNally & Company shall have the right to publish in any form any of the entries either in whole or in part at any time it shall desire to do so.

You need not purchase Child Life or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures at the top of this page and assemble the pictures from these copies. Child Life may be examined free of charge at any office of Rand McNally & Company or at public libraries.

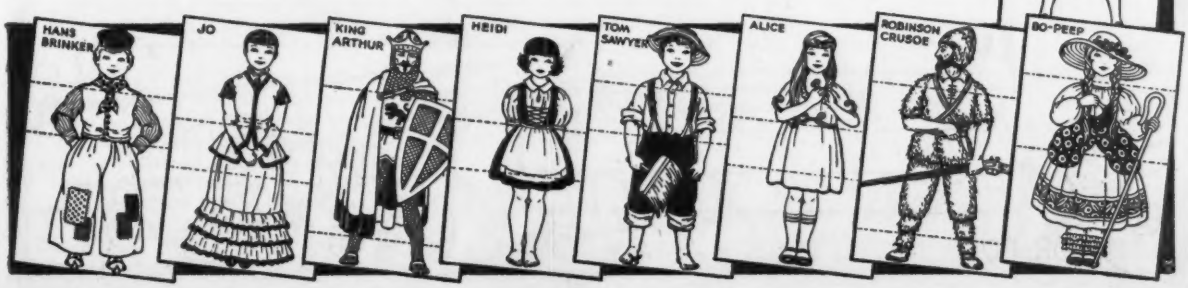
**There is nothing to sell**

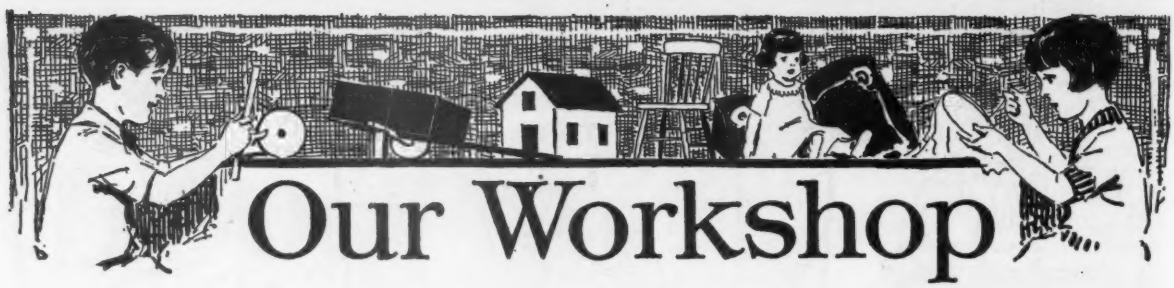



## REMEMBER

**The four sets (12 pictures) with your letter must arrive together before midnight September 5th, 1930, to earn a surprise package and to be entered for one of the Grand Prizes. Be sure your name, address, and age are with the pictures.**

***If you missed the pictures in May, write the Prize Editor, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago for a FREE set of them***





# Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "Making Things with Tools," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Big Book of Boys' Hobbies," etc.

## MODEL BOATS

SAILING model boats is almost as much fun, if not quite, as flying model airplanes. Indeed, after having worked all winter and spring with model airplanes, you will probably like the change from airplanes to boats. If I were you, I would build a fleet of boats. Then, if I spent the vacation at a lake, I would build a toy harbor, with docks, lighthouse, and everything that belongs in a harbor. Or, if I did not go to a lake, I would ask Daddy to help me build a little pool in the back yard and fix it up for my ship harbor. Either a lake or back-yard harbor will furnish lots of fun.

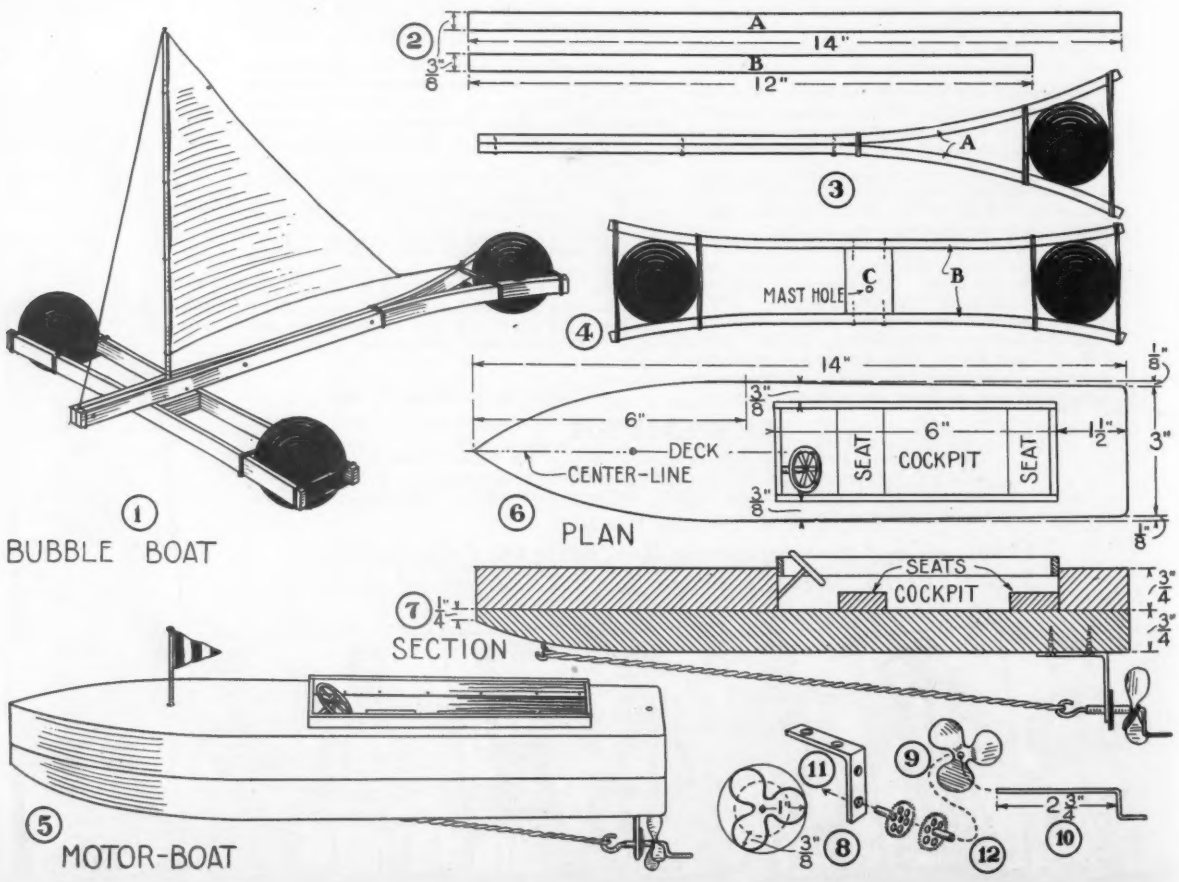
Build the boats shown upon this page, look up the plans for other models that have been published in past summer issues of CHILD LIFE, ask Daddy to show you how he used to build boats, and then, if you want more plans, go to your public library and ask to see books on things to make.

The bubble boat in Figure 1 is a new kind of boat used at bathing beaches. It is a bather's play boat. If you have a younger brother or sister, the bubble boat will be a dandy bathtub toy.

Three rubber balls about 2 inches in diameter are required for the bubble boat. Also, two sticks of the size of A (Figure 2), two sticks of the size of B, a block ¾ inch thick, 1 inch wide and a bit shorter than the diameter of the balls, for the block C (Figure 4), and a round stick about 10 inches long for the mast are needed.

Tack together sticks A for a distance of about

[Continued on page 297]



# Kids *and* Pups

## *Children Love to Have Their Pictures Taken with Their Pets*

**How to take really interesting pictures of your children, with the child's best foot forward, offered parents in special Service Booklet, sent without charge, for coupon.**

BILLY with his dog. Betty with the kitten she fondles so alluringly! *Your children in their most appealing moods!*

Are you preserving these magic childhood days in pictures? Do it! *By all means, do it!* It's so much better to take pictures now than to be sorry, in a year or two, you didn't.

Billy soon will be a man. Sooner than you realize. Betty, a debutante. Children stay children so tragically fleeting a time! But you can keep them children always—in snapshots. Take a few every week-end. You'll have a record of their most attractive days that's priceless beyond words.

Start this week-end. Take your children with their pets. Take them with their grandparents—take them in a score of ways that you'll love to look back upon through the years to come.

### *To Help Parents Get Really Interesting Pictures*

To help parents get the kind of snapshots that become more and more interesting with age, there is a new and informative book, "Taking Pictures of Your Children at Their Best." Full of illustrations. It suggests poses, "props," lightings and backgrounds. It tells how to take pictures that show the child with its best foot forward . . . . pictures that others will praise . . . . precious pictures that will hold a thrill for you every time you open the album.

### *If You Have No Kodak*

If you have no camera, you can obtain a Brownie for as little as $2. And a Kodak for as low as $5. Either is easy to use, either makes excellent snapshots.

The Modern Kodaks with fast lenses are especially desirable because they don't require bright light. Clear or cloudy, and even indoors, wonderful pictures are the rule with these marvelous Modern Kodaks. See them.

Meanwhile, send for the book. You'll surely be glad that you did, for it tells exactly how to take the most interesting pictures of your child.

**USE KODAK FILM**

***It gets the picture***

Kodak Film is dependably uniform. Its "range of feeling" and the speed with which it records the scene when you click the shutter are protection against too much or too little sun—against a soot-and-whitewash effect. Insist on the always dependable Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box. It gets the picture.

**MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK**

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me free the illustrated book telling how to take pictures that show children at their best.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

CL-6

# KODAK

***Only Eastman Makes the Kodak***

# BIRD CHILDREN

By ETHEL C. BROWN

THE tenderness that animals and birds show toward their little ones is a beautiful thing to see. Among birds we find, perhaps, the most striking acts of affection.

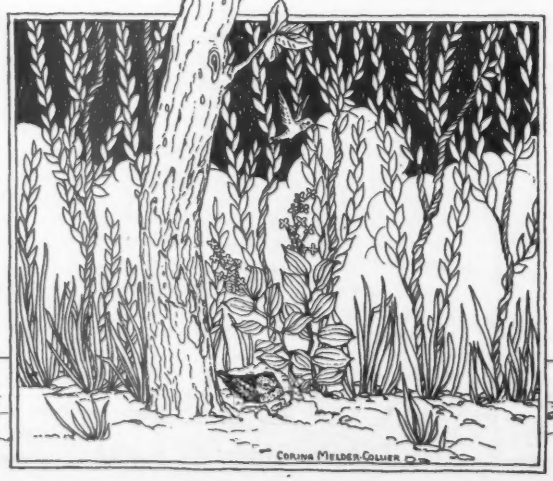
The nighthawk shows remarkable care in protecting her children. This bird is rarely seen, for it appears about twilight and remains abroad during the dark night hours. But the nighthawks are a large family. Their habit of roaming at night is common to all the species. From its curious cry one is called chuck-will's-widow, this call being uttered so loudly that it can be heard for a long distance. About the middle of March they come back from their winter pilgrimage and, unlike most of the birds, they have no housekeeping cares, as they build no nests. While the robins, humming birds, thrushes and others are busily building their new houses, the chuck-will's-widow is fast asleep in some comfortable corner, only coming out in the afternoon and evening to gather food.

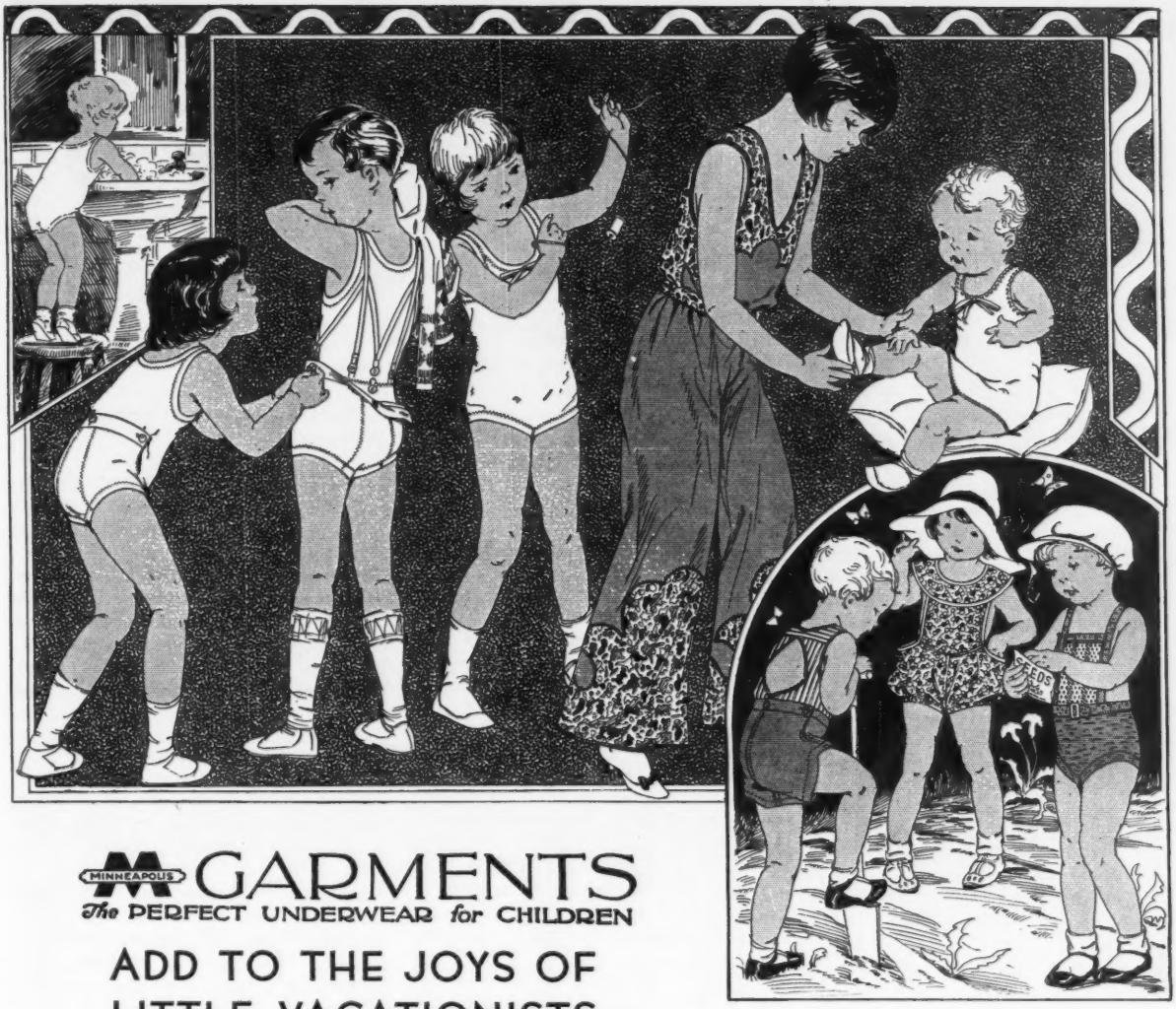
The little chuck-wills are of exactly the color of their surroundings, and as they are sleepy little fellows they seldom move. Though standing within a few inches of them, the observer might take them to be two old brown leaves or a bunch of brown moss, so successful is their protective coloring.

If a stranger approaches the little birds, however, the mother bird throws herself upon the ground, ruffles up her feathers, and flutters slowly away from the nest. Then, as soon as the follower is at a safe distance, she suddenly flies up and away, coming back to her children from another direction.

The duck is a conscientious mother and careful of her children, but there is one of the family of ducks that performs a remarkable feat. This is the summer duck, *Aix Sponsa*, one of the most beautiful of them all. The plumage of these birds is very rich and brilliant, marked with streaks of black and white, the entire coat showing, in different lights, tints of bronze, blue and green. Its head has a crest of glossy bronze-green, tipped with

[*Continued on page 292*]





MINNEAPOLIS "M" GARMENTS

*The* PERFECT UNDERWEAR *for* CHILDREN

# ADD TO THE JOYS OF LITTLE VACATIONISTS

SUMMER days are happy days . . . in Minneapolis "M" Garments. The new summer styles are perfectly designed and tailored to provide the proper foundation for the modern juvenile styles in outer garments . . . just the last word in style.

They're so light and cool and perfect-fitting that the wearers are blissfully unaware of them. Slipped on in a jiffy, they're forgotten all day. Mother gets a vacation from her mending, too. It's a wonder how Minneapolis "M" Garments stand the strain of youthful activity without ripping or buttons pulling off.

The "hurry up" dressing scene above shows Betty in her knit union suit helping Bobby into his waist suit, and Jean in her rayon combination—all in the French type (short leg) style that modern little folks are now wearing. Mary is dressed in her gayly-colored pajamas with the "style-right" wide trousers. Baby is happy in his "Durene" (mercerized) vest.

Digging in the garden is Bobby with Betty "bossing" the job . . . both dressed in sun play suits of gay printed cotton . . . and Jean with her snug-fitting knit sun suit.

You can tell Minneapolis Garments by the "M" trade mark. If your store does not have the styles you want, write us for information.

MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR
*Associate Editor, Chicago Evening Post Literary Review*

THERE are new books this month about every sort of animal you can think of.

Cecil Aldin's latest mischief rhymes and pictures called *The Mongrel Puppy Book* (Oxford), are about the kind you might like to have for a pet. *How the Animals Came to the Circus*, by Elizabeth Gale (Rand McNally), tells how a black bear, a horse, a tiger, a parrot, a monkey, a seal, and a polar bear each left home to become a circus actor.

In *My Life With Animals* (Rockwell, Chicago) George F. Morse, who has been director of more than one famous zoo and more than one famous aquarium, tells of his experiences with elephants, lions, bears, monkeys, snakes, and other wild creatures in captivity. But first he tells of his boyhood on a farm in New England, of playing with harmless snakes, of stocking his pond with fish, and of breeding foxes and skunks.

And of course, you'll like to read about fairy animals. *Little Bear and His Friends*, by Frances Margaret Fox (Rand McNally) tells some exciting incidents out of the life of the smallest of the three bears.

But chiefly there is a new book about some animals whose names you would never guess. In fact, you will be lucky if you recognize them when you hear them. These are animals that you are not likely to see except in museums—and then only their bones—though occasionally up in Siberia somebody sees one of them—the Woolly Mammoth—frozen solid in Arctic ice. It's thirty-five thousand years or more since anybody saw even a mammoth any more nearly alive than that, which is perhaps just as well, considering that he was considerably larger than an elephant. And even a mammoth was small compared to some of those other old animals. The diplodocus, provided he could have learned to stand on the tip of his tail, might easily have stuck his head in at an eighth story window, without stopping to take the elevator. And the names are sometimes pretty nearly as long as the animals themselves.

Eunice and Janet Tietjens have found one to fit every letter and have made a book of long names and long-ago animals called *The Jaw Breaker's Alphabet* (Albert and Charles Boni). There is a funny rhyme about each one, so funny that at first you may not notice what a lot of information it is really giving you. And then for the page opposite the artist, Hermann Post, has drawn a picture of the animal itself.

Here's the shortest one, the shortest rhyme, that is, not the shortest animal:

Z is for Zeuglodon,
Earliest whale,
Who was sixty feet long—
But most of it tail.

With summer here and school letting out this month, you will probably be getting to the country pretty soon, at least for a day now and then. Here are three books which, by giving you an idea of what to look for and what to listen for, will help you to see many interesting things in meadow and tree top that you might otherwise miss.

*Holiday Meadow* by Edith M. Patch (Macmillan) tells about flowers, birds, caterpillars, butterflies, and little animals such as woodchucks and moles, and gives pictures of them. *Wild Flowers and State Flowers of North America* by Lydia Northrop Gilbert (Sully) gives colored pictures and descriptions of nearly fifty flowers. And *Featherland* by Etta Corbett Garson (McBride), though it's in story form, will help you to remember the habits and appearance of quite a few of the birds you are likely to see.

## TRUE ADVENTURES

GREAT NAVIGATORS AND DISCOVERERS, by J. A. Brendon.....$2.50
(Harcourt, Brace.)

Here's the story of the map, in terms of the men who added ocean after ocean and continent after continent to the world as known by the ancients. There are twenty-four stories in all: first Hanno, the Carthaginian, then Leif Ericson, then Marco Polo, the boy who was three years getting to China from Europe and who has been nearly seven hundred years more getting the story of his trip believed, then, among others, Magellan, who would have been the first navigator to sail around the world, if he had lived to get home, and Cook who explored the islands of the South Seas, and so on down to Sir John Franklin, who died in the Arctic regions not quite a hundred years ago.

MORE HEROES OF MODERN ADVENTURE, by T. C. Bridges and H. Hessell Tiltman. With Illustrations.....$2.00
(Little, Brown.)

Here are a few of the things that were left for the twentieth century to do: to climb Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world—it hasn't quite been done yet; to explore the south polar regions; to fly from England to Australia; to hunt Inca ruins up the Amazon and elsewhere; and to do various heroic things, in Africa, in China, and right here in America.

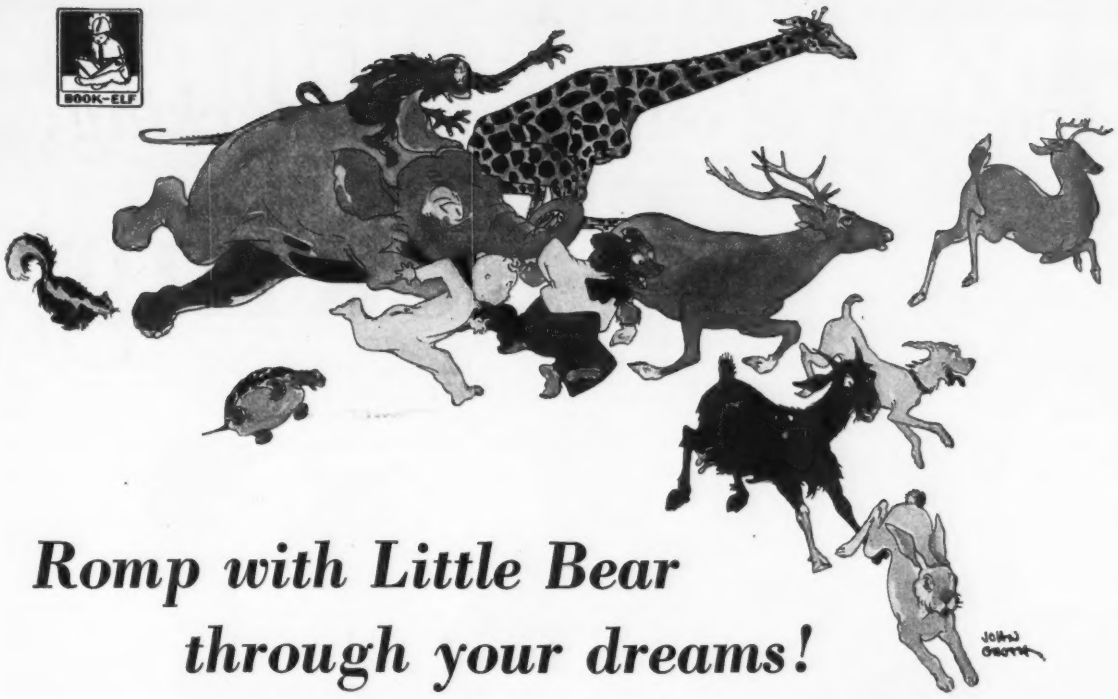
THE BOOK OF COURAGE, by Hermann Hagedorn. Illustrations by Frank Godwin. Maps by Edwin C. Eirich.
(Winston.)

How often nowadays you read stories about men and women who have been successful. This book contains short lives of thirty famous people, beginning with Socrates and Moses, coming all the way down to Lindbergh and Lawrence of Arabia, and including a few women such as Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, and Edith Cavell, but whether they were successful or not is never the point that the author makes about them; what he wants us to see is that they all met life bravely.

BOYS AND GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS, by Amy Cruse. With fifteen illustrations.....$2.00
(Harcourt, Brace.)

There is only one person mentioned in this book who is mentioned in the one before and that is Joan of Arc. All the others are, not heroes, but artists, writers, musicians, scientists, inventors, and so on. Miss Cruse tells only the story of their childhood, the part of their lives that corresponds to the part of your life that you are living now. Probably the two strangest stories are those of Booker T. Washington, the little colored boy who was to become a college president, and Helen Keller, the girl who could neither hear nor see. There are old friends among the fourteen: Benjamin Franklin, Hans Christian Andersen, Louisa Alcott, and James Barrie. But you will be sure to make some new friends, too.

[*Continued on page 295*]




# *Romp with Little Bear through your dreams!*

**At night when I'm asleep I dream**
**Of jolly Little Bear,**
**Of elephants and BIG giraffes**
**All running here and there;**
**Wee rabbits, Billy goats, and deer**
**That gaily leap and bound,**
**All sorts of funny animals**
**Go helter-skelter round.**
**Adventures gay, and happy fun,**
**With joy of every kind.....**
**My Book Friends visit me each night,**
**All tumbly in my mind.**

I TAKE a story to sleep with me for my dreams. Every night, just before the lights go out, mother reads me a story about Little Bear and his playmates. And what jolly stories they are! Little Bear is *so* funny! He's such a happy little fellow and has so many exciting things happen to him. He tries to fly like a bird, or to leap like a squirrel. Of course, he's too big and clumsy, and usually falls..... KERPLONK!..... on his nose.

And to see Little Bear play tag with the sly little foxes, or slide down the Baby Otters' slide . . . *splash* . . . . into the water . . . . . you'll laugh and laugh!

When I go to sleep, I dream of Little Bear and his friends. They get all jumbled up and do such funny, foolish things. Sometimes I romp and play with them in my dreams—till I awake laughing to myself. Do you ever dream happy mixed-up dreams like that?

Ask Mother—oh, so nicely—if she won't bring you one of these Little Bear Books the next time she goes shopping. And if you promise Daddy that you'll eat your dinner—every bit of it—and will wear your rubbers when you go out in the rain, maybe he'll get a little story and read it to you some night between bedtime and sleep—or during the day, if you're very good.

## LITTLE BEAR BOOKS
### *For Good Boys and Girls*

**Little Bear and His Friends**
**Little Bear at Work and Play**
**Little Bear's Adventures**
**Little Bear's Ins and Outs**
**Little Bear's Laughing Times**
**Little Bear's Playtime**
**Little Bear's Ups and Downs**
**Adventures of Sonny Bear**
**Doings of Little Bear**

PRICE **60c** EACH

Here are the Little Bear Books my mother reads to me. Show the list above to *your* mother. Tell her they cost only 60 cents.

*Mothers!* Send for this *free* illustrated catalog, "Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection." It tells about other fine books for boys and girls of all ages. Just sign and mail the coupon.

Little Bear Books all contain lots of jolly, colored pictures of Little Bear and his friends.

Buy these books at your nearest bookstore. Or send your order to the publishers, including 7 cents extra per book for postage.

RAND McNALLY BOOKSHELF, Dept. M-6
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send me, *free*, your catalog, "Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection."

Name.....

Street & Number.....

City & State.....

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**
*Publishers*

NEW YORK
WASHINGTON
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

# Too many of our meals *are lacking*...

# Lacking *in what?*

"EVERY TIME I go to the Browns for a meal, I leave the table not entirely satisfied," said a man to his friend. "Why is it . . . they seem to set a good table."

"I agree with you," replied his friend, "and I'll tell you what their meals lack. It's sugar."

Nothing takes the place of sugar in satisfying the appetite. And it is natural that our systems crave sugar. We have learned to expect it in fruits and vegetables, which, if fresh and ripe, abound in flavorful sweetness. But too often, these foods reach us lacking in sugar. A clever cook senses this and replaces it in cooking, or tops the meal with a sweet dessert.

As a matter of fact, sugar is an essential in the diet. Not only for the energy it supplies, but for its value in making essential foods more palatable. Dietitians will tell you that it is correct to add a dash of sugar to carrots, peas, spinach, cabbage and tomatoes while they are cooking. Such flavored foods are eaten with keen relish.

It is your duty to see that your family has sugar in the correct amount. It can be judiciously introduced in the diet—as a flavor and in wholesome desserts. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front St., New York.

***"Most foods are more delicious and nourishing with Sugar"***

## WE COOK A DINNER

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

DOESN'T that title sound as though we were grown-up cooks? Of course we're not, but we're learning fast. And now that June—and vacation—are here, we mean to cook even more than we could during school days. We'll have more time for it and that makes it more fun.

So this month's lesson is going to be a whopping big one, for we are going to cook a whole dinner—all by ourselves. Get your pencils and paper while we make out the menu and our grocery list, for we want to know just what we are going to do and what we shall need to work with.

First, we shall have a salad and for that we want carrots, lettuce, cabbage, salad oil, white vinegar and pepper and salt. Suppose before going any further, you get out your May lesson and look up the amounts you used in making carrot salad then. That same salad is going to be the beginning course of our dinner; it's fun to make something we know how to do well, and also that salad goes perfectly with this particular menu. Our second course is baked meat ring, buttered peas, browned potatoes (with whole wheat bread and jam if you wish it) and, for our last course, strawberries and cookies. You see, you have had the recipes for the beginning and the end of the dinner which is a very good thing as the middle part is important and plenty for us to learn at one time. And by the way, while we are speaking of the recipes we have had, if any of you came into the kitchen since we have learned a cookie recipe, you can make Crumple Kisses that we learned in March and use those instead of regular cookies.

That's the menu. Now for the grocery list. We started it when we talked about the salad. Perhaps it would be a good idea to look in the ice box and pantry and see if lettuce, carrots and some of the other needed supplies are on hand; there's no use buying more than we need, especially in summertime when fresh things do not keep so well. For the main course, see the meat ring recipe and copy down on your list the amounts of meat called for; then look up the seasonings and write down any that are not on hand. Even salt may get used up, you know, and think what a bother it would be to be all ready to finish the baking—and have no salt in the house. A good cook always looks *beforehand* to make sure her needs are supplied in time. For serving five, you will want ten potatoes of small or medium size and three pounds of peas. If the berries are very fine, one quart should be ample; if they are not so fine, get more and save the smaller ones for other use. Other berries, or fresh pineapple, peeled, diced and sprinkled with sugar, would go well with this menu, but our first choice is strawberries.

Do all your shopping early in the morning, if you can; also make the cookies then, so you will not be rushed at the last minute. We think it would be fun to cook this dinner sometime while Mother and Cook are out, but if you do, be sure to allow plenty of time for setting the table, getting out dishes and all such duties, as the last hour and a half before the meal, perhaps two hours, will be needed for cooking and salad making.

Before time to begin cooking, shell the peas and scrub the potatoes. We think shelling peas the most fun of any vegetable preparation we know, and we always like plenty of time for enjoying it. Before you scrub the potatoes, put one quart of water on to boil in a saucepan. Drop into this,

[Continued on page 290]

CHILD LIFE

# Good Citizens' League

**MOTTO:** Responsibility.

**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

## THE GOOD CITIZENS' FLOWER SHOW

"Now that our flower show is over, everything seems so flat," said Helen regretfully, as she fingered the pink petaled skirt of the wild rose costume she had worn in the flower pageant presented by the Brocton Good Citizens' League the last day of school.

"Well, my flower show isn't over," said Russell. "It's just beginning. If you'll come to my house for the next meeting you can see my garden. My peonies ought to be out by then."

"Oh, I have that kind of a flower show, too," said Miriam. "Mother gave me a bed to care for this spring, and my pinks are almost up."

It was found that several members had "flower shows"—the kind that last all summer, and those who hadn't decided to start flower beds, too. They might not be able to have such a variety as those who had begun earlier, but they could still plant nasturtium seeds and set out pansy plants. Even Alice, who lived in an apartment, put out geranium plants in a window box and had—as she expressed it—"a little garden blooming in the air." And being Good Citizens, they decided they would not keep their flowers for their own enjoyment only. Once a week they would carry bouquets to the shut-ins of the town and to others not so fortunate as themselves.

"Let's have our second meeting in the woods," suggested Miss Bradley, the counselor, "and turn it into a wild flower hunt. We'll have to remember to leave plenty of flowers for seeds, of course, and never to pull a plant up by the roots. We want them to bloom again next year, and in cases where a flower is very rare, we'll not pull it at all."

The second meeting, therefore, took the form of a picnic, and many and varied were the flowers they gathered. Elizabeth found six different species, Bill five and David eight. All the others found at least two or three.

"Remember the Washington and Lincoln scrapbooks we kept that time," said Harvey, "and then, last month, our bird notebook? Well, I'm going to add a flower notebook to the list, and pretty soon I'll have a regular Good Citizens' League library of my own. I'll paste a pressed flower on each page, and underneath I'll write the name of it, where I found it, the sort of soil it grew in, how many petals it had and things like that. I'll look up its technical name at the library, too, and then I'll always remember it."

[*Continued on page 293*]

### Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a teacher or other grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your June list in time to reach our office by July 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for June.

1. I started a flower notebook.
2. I added a flower to my notebook, writing underneath the name and description of the flower.
3. I looked up additional information about a flower in my own or at the public library.
4. I started a flower bed of my own.
5. I watered the flowers for Mother.
6. I did some other work in the garden.
7. In gathering wild flowers, I left plenty to make seed for next year.
8. I was careful not to disturb the roots.
9. I refrained from gathering wild flowers which I knew to be of a rare species.
10. I gathered a bouquet for a shut-in or some one else who might otherwise have none.

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, if necessary, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds on twenty-five different days during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

Of CHILD LIFE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1930.

STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss.
COUNTY OF COOK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CHILD LIFE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Rose Waldo, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Rand McNally & Company, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, a corporation of which the following are the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock: Harry B. Clow and Andrew F. W. McNally, Trustees of Estate of Andrew McNally, deceased, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; H. B. Clow, 60 Scott Street, Chicago, Ill.; Andrew F. W. McNally, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James McNally, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. H. Milchsack, 518 Centre St., Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. Clara M. Hohl, 5 Edgewood Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. June P. M. Chapin, care Whitney Central Trust & Savings Bank, City Bank Branch, New Orleans, La.; E. C. Buehring, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Eleanor V. McNally, 1041 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Julia Hessert, Drake Hotel, Chicago, Ill.; Gustav Hessert, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Louise P. Bunts, 550 Surf St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. MCNALLY
(Signature of business manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1930.

SEAL M. J. STANTON
(My commission expires December 8, 1930.)

## JUST TURNED A CORNER

MAY WILLIAMS WARD

ISN'T life wonderful?
Isn't life gay?
I haven't been so happy
Since last May day.

Just turned a corner
And found out—pop!
That empty store is going to be
A new candy shop!

# Another June

MARGARET MAY was very proud of her ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE. It was given to her one June when she passed into the next grade at school. Then there were only seven tiny pearls on a fine gold chain. Every year since then Margaret May had received additional pearls in June and on all gift occasions. "It is surprising how fast my necklace has grown," she said to herself walking home from school. "I'm so glad I joined the ***Pearl-a-month Club*** years ago when Dolly started it. All we needed to join was to own an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE and pledge to buy at least one additional pearl each month from our allowance." As she reached home Margaret May said softly, "I wonder if Father and Mother will remember—" and then ran up the stairs into the house and called: "School's over and I'm all ready for vacation and a good time. And I passed into the next grade." "That makes me very happy, dear," father answered, "here is a little surprise for you." "Oh, Daddy, what I like best of all—additional pearls for my ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE."

*An initial ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, of 7 pearls on a fine gold chain, may be purchased for as little as $10. Other prices range—$15—$20—$25 and more, depending on the size of the pearls. Group additions may be purchased from $10—single pearls as low as $2.*

**THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY**
**CHICAGO**

**This $75 Add-a-pearl Necklace consisting of 27 genuine oriental pearls has been chosen as first prize for girls in the CHILD LIFE contest on pages 274 and 275.**

***(Illustration enlarged)***

# Junior was so frail I almost cried

*. . . but now he's grown so husky we can hardly believe our eyes . . . . .*

"I WAS at my wits' end. Junior was so thin and delicate. Every time I gave him his bath, I almost cried at the sight of his frail little body and pipe-stem legs.

"Goodness knows, we tried everything. But it wasn't until we put him on Cocomalt that he started to improve. Within a week he started to round out, and soon real, solid muscle began to develop. You can't imagine how pleased we are to have him growing strong and husky at last!"

*What Cocomalt does*

When children fail to build up, it is a sure sign that their systems are begging for *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals. Cocomalt not only provides these in concentrated form, together with malt enzymes which help digest other foods in the stomach, but it also contains the precious Vitamin D.

*How Vitamin D builds health*

Vitamin D is that mysterious element which makes summer sunshine so potent in preventing rickets—and in building strong bones and sturdy bodies.

But Cocomalt is not a medicine. It is a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink every youngster loves. Furthermore, Cocomalt adds 70% to the nourishment of milk! So that it almost doubles the health-building elements of this perfect food.

*Trial package FREE*

Cocomalt comes in powder form. Simply add it to milk—hot or cold. May be had in three sizes—½ lb., 30c—1 lb., 50c—and the economical 5 lb. family size.

To try Cocomalt free, mail coupon below for a generous trial package.

**Cocomalt**

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 96, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me, free of charge, a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

## CHIMNEYPORT

*[Continued from page 272]*

they always felt afraid that he might—well, show yellow.

"Oh, Slim! Can't you make it?"

"Not quite," came the quavering reply. "The line—"

"But it's not much farther," Andy encouraged. "Remember Senor Massileo must sail at daybreak. For the sake of American courtesy don't lose your nerve. If we had a line we'd throw it to you—"

"Oh, I didn't mean that kind of a line," Slim confessed sheepishly, from his perch above them. "I was trying to remember the rest of 'I stood on the bridge at midnight'—it seemed so sort of appropriate. Thanks for reminding me of—other things. Be ready now! If I find I'm slipping I'm going to throw this. And if one of you three can't catch it—"

He had spoken just in time. The bridge began to list dangerously. Slim slipped his pocket knife into the envelope that held the passport, to weigh it, and tossed it the rest of the way across the stream. He had the satisfaction of seeing it safely caught before he was plunged into an uncomfortable snarl of tree-limbs, and wet hay that had lodged against the side of the bridge. But he slipped through it all and soon stood, uninjured but with chattering teeth, on shore.

They set off again at a dog-trot. One thing was uppermost in their minds. Would Bud Russell still be there? Would his repairs have been made? Would he be willing to risk a trip to Boston? Which, if any, of them should accompany him?

"Not everybody's as world-minded as you are, Slim. Bud would be patriotic enough for some American, but you can't tell—"

"Yes you can, too, tell," Slim contradicted. "And if he needs

persuading, I guess a few like us can persuade."

But Bud Russell, when he was found, needed no persuading.

He was out in the muddy field, finishing his repairs by the aid of headlights from a borrowed car. And nothing would delight him more than to carry one of the boys with a passport to the Senor Massileo waiting in Boston Harbor.

"It's the kind of thing aviation can do, boys," he wagged his head wisely. "And with a little publicity we'll be doing a lot of it. How long'll it take to get to Boston? Oh, you'd be surprised. I guess it'd better be the little one that goes along. Every pound of weight I save until I can get a better repair job done—"

In the roar of the engine they heard no more. Slim waved them a wide, if not a very boisterous good-by—and they took off.

The other three draggled boys made their way back toward the Fresh Air Camp, where they were taken in charge by a misled night-nurse, who thought they were some of her young patients gone suddenly homesick.

When Tim's honest Irish blue eye had finally convinced her of the truth of their fantastic tale, she still insisted that they should undergo a warming shower bath and don dry clothing. Then a camp car was put at their disposal and the return trip was made over a long round-about route where temporary bridges had already been laid by the highway department.

It was a little after sunrise when they came, sleepy-eyed, in sight of Old Mr. Weatherbee's mowing, and the chimney, and the silver-winged plane.

"And would you look?" cried Andy. "Something's happened! The meadow's all black!"

*(The conclusion of "Chimneyport" will appear in the July issue of CHILD LIFE.)*

# *Your Baby's Health Depends on It!*

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**Eminent physicians everywhere recognize the vital necessity of a well balanced diet for delicate infant digestions.**

**Yet there is no need for complicated formulas or expensive baby foods. A simple mixture of Karo Syrup and pure milk, either fresh or evaporated, supplemented with cod liver oil and orange juice provides every need. And Karo and milk is so easy to prepare, economical and, above all, SAFE!**

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***Free to Mothers!***

**"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.**

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And we are sure that you will agree with us about the fundamental life-long importance to your children of an *early* appreciation of the benefits and joys of daily cleanliness.

They're amusing, these little books, they take just the right tone with youngsters, and they do the trick, we are told. Also, they are being offered *free*.

So mail the coupon. Now before you forget. These seemingly small things so often turn out later to have such *sizable* and *happy* consequences.

## CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

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CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE C.L.-1 A.
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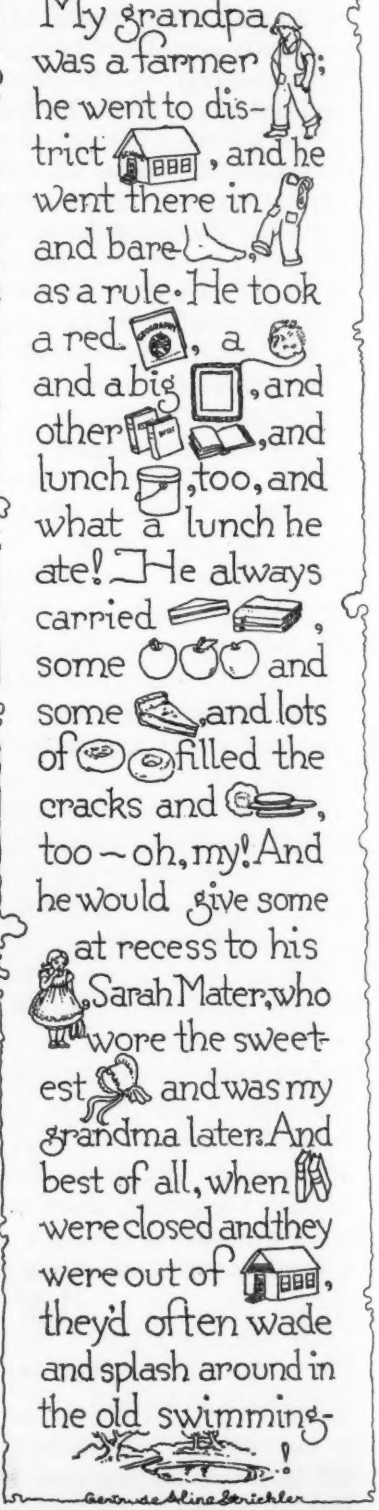
Please send me, *free* ☐ copies of "Learn the Art of Magic" (for boys)
☐ copies of "The Smart Thing to Do" (for girls)

Name .....

Address .....


## GRANDPA'S SCHOOL

by Nancy Clinton


My grandpa was a farmer; he went to district, and he went there in and barefoot, as a rule. He took a red, a and a big, and other, and lunch, too, and what a lunch he ate! He always carried, some and some, and lots of filled the cracks and, too — oh, my! And he would give some at recess to his Sarah Mater, who wore the sweetest and was my grandma later. And best of all, when were closed and they were out of, they'd often wade and splash around in the old swimming-!
Gertrude Aline Zerichler

# DIG, LONNY! DIG!

[Continued from page 265]

the pier where the boats were tied, and the tennis and croquet courts on the hill.

Lonny and Edie, of course, made at once for the willow tree at the far end of the beach, near the fence which divided the Mason place from Doctor Suissmilch's. There they had buried their cigar boxes of pretty stones and shells. It was easy enough to find them again, for their brother Julian, under vow of secrecy, had painted, in red lettering, a sign with a skull and crossbones in the corner. This they had nailed to the tree, beneath which, between two enormous roots, was the hiding place. The warning was composed by Edie. It read:

"Prying stranger, do not dig,
For if you do you are a pig!"

To the children this seemed a perfectly satisfactory way to keep their treasure from being disturbed.

Lonny bent down eagerly, in his hand the big iron spoon he had brought with such difficulty all the way from the city, and which was just the thing with which to dig in the gravel beach. Edie seized a sharp stick and they fell to work.

"Dig, Lonny! Dig!" Edie sang joyously. It was such fun to be really at Delavan, hunting for buried treasure! "And don't forget that you're Captain Kidd, and I'm Blackbeard, the pirate!"

They worked busily for a while, getting a thrill out of every spoonful of gravel they upturned; then at last came the exciting moment when the cigar boxes were found. Eagerly lifting them out, they sank down where they were to open them and refresh their eyes with the sight of the treasure within.

"Aren't they beauties?" said Edie, holding out a handful of choice stones for her brother to admire. At the same instant she caught sight of something under one of the roots of the willow just to the right of the treasure hole, which made her stare curiously.

"What's that, Lonny?" she said, pointing.

They peered under the root, then Edie reached in her hand, and tugged at what seemed to be a piece of old sacking rolled around something heavy.

Lonny helped her, and together they drew it out.

Their hearts beating with an unusual excitement, they opened it and disclosed to their astonished gaze a pile of gleaming knives and forks and spoons!

Edie and Lonnie recognized at once the big "M" engraved on the handles. It was their mother's stolen silver!

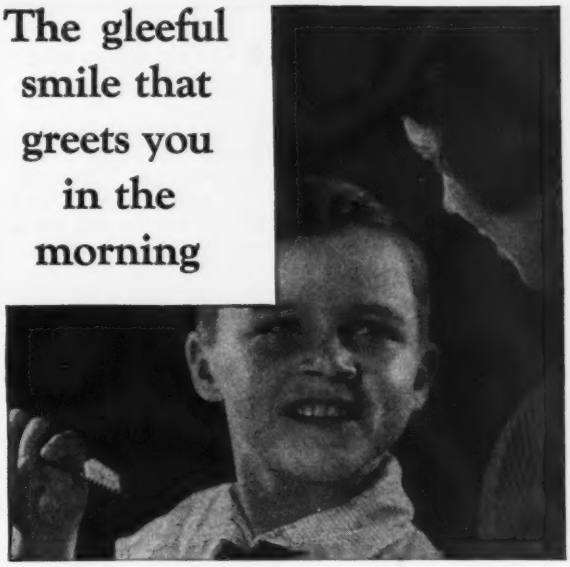
The children stared at each other, stupefied. How on earth did it get there? They were unable to solve the puzzle; all they could do was to run as fast as they could and tell the others.

Hand in hand they raced up to the house, bursting with their news and screaming at the top of their voices, "We've found the silver! We've found the silver!"

At first the rest of the family, gathering about

[Continued on page 294]


**The gleeful smile that greets you in the morning**



EVERY day is another great adventure for your child. Life is simply a marvelous game and every youngster is eager for a thrill. That's why children think it's fun to brush their teeth . . . with Colgate's. It has the captivating taste they love . . . and remember.

Colgate's cleans with a *washing* action . . . its sparkling, bubbling foam sweeps over teeth and gums, surging down into tiny pits and fissures where food collects and where ordinary toothpaste cannot reach. It purifies and refreshes the entire mouth . . . polishes the teeth brilliantly, *safely.*

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**FREE:** *to Mothers—This makes Toothbrushing a Game!*

"The Way to Happytown" is a delightful little child's book about the adventures of Bob and Betty on the Way to Happytown. In it is a toothbrushing chart which appeals to the child's play instinct . . . and offers a *reward* for brushing teeth regularly. It is approved by educators and helps you to teach your children the clean teeth habit. Mail the coupon and get this book—free—with a free trial tube of Colgate's.

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***By Helen Sewell***

All the pictures in this column are taken from this unusual alphabet book. They appear in the book in bright red and blue. From A, awaken, to Z, zip into bed, the artist has shown all the incidents in a child's day. $1.50

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## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 283*]

when boiling, the clean potatoes and boil for twelve minutes. Quickly pour off the boiling water and when the potatoes have slightly cooled, peel off the skins. This length cooking does not prepare the potatoes for eating, but it does make the peeling strip off very easily while keeping the good minerals inside for eating. If you prefer, you can peel the potatoes in the usual way, of course. Now with all this ready, you can set the table and then begin the actual cooking.

### MEAT RING, ROASTED

**Into a mixing bowl put ½ pound of fresh beef, ground,**
**½ pound of fresh pork, ground,**
**½ pound of fresh veal, ground.**
**1 cupful rice flakes rolled till finely broken,**
**1 egg (break into a saucer and then slide into the mixing bowl.)**
**⅔ cupful milk,**
**1½ teaspoonfuls salt,**
**1 tablespoonful ketchup or chili sauce,**
**½ sweet pepper cut finely,**
**A small pinch of pepper,**
**1 carrot cut finely (or grated).**

**Grease a ring mold and the baking pan.** (A roaster is fine, but whatever you use must be level on the bottom, so your ring roasts flat and perfectly shaped.)

Wash your hands carefully, making sure that nails as well as hands are absolutely clean.

**With your fingers, work the meat and seasonings together till well blended.** Some do this with two forks, but we think that method slower and not so effective. We use our hands and get all the materials well mixed.

**Pack into the greased mold, punching it in tightly.**

**Turn out into the center of the baking pan, the rounded side up, of course.** If you have no mold suitable in size or shape, make a ring of the meat mixture, molding it as you would make a clay mold—it should be about ten inches across and the hole in the center should be five inches or so wide. The whole ring can be three inches high before baking as it shrinks a bit in cooking.

**Put the peeled potatoes around the meat, sprinkle them with salt and put the pan into an oven heated to 400 degrees.**

**Bake for fifteen minutes; then pour ¾ cupful of water over the meat and turn the potatoes upside down. Cover the baking pan tightly and bake for 45 minutes more, or an hour all together.**

### BUTTERED PEAS

**Half an hour before dinner time, put a pint of water on to boil and when it comes to a boil, add the peas, cooking them briskly (very tightly covered) for 25 minutes. By that time the water should be about boiled away. Add 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoonful butter, shake gently and keep hot till serving time.**

[*Continued on page 297*]

# THE INSECT WORLD

By MARY FRANCES SUMMERS
*Assistant Curator of Art, Illinois State Museum*

## THE TUMBLEBUG

THIS roly-poly fellow in a black overcoat is one of our obliging and necessary janitors. Many times I have been amused to see him as he industriously rolled a big ball along, much as a boy rolls a snowball bigger than himself.

This ball, so round and perfect, is made of refuse left by horses or cattle. The tumblebug kneads and rolls this material into a dough and makes a loaf of bread for one of his numerous children. Often he must push it for some distance, and if he stops to rest or ask a neighbor if it is going to rain, he is likely to lose it. If another beetle can grab it, he will scurry off with it.

When this happens there is sure to be a tussle, the robber on top of the ball, the owner trying to upset him, like two clowns in a wrestling match.

Usually the father and mother push the ball together to their home, which is quite a pocket in the ground. There it is carefully placed with several others like it. In each ball the mother makes a hollow, lays an egg therein, and carefully pats the edges together again. The loaf of bread is also to be a cradle.

The warm sun does the rest for the baby tumblebug, which wakens as a very homely grub. He really eats himself out of house and home. According to nature's wonderful plan, as soon as the food is gone he is ready to change from this ugly grub to a little plain beetle in a modest coat of black.

For a short while he is content to enjoy the sunshine after his dark days beneath the ground but soon he joins the others and takes up the fascinating game of push-ball.

## HILLS

AILEEN L. FISHER

WHEN we went out in Father's car
Into the country . . . pretty far . . .

We saw some hills that were so high
They almost seemed to touch the sky.

But when we came up close, you know,
They scrunched their stomachs down, and so

As we rode over I could see
They weren't much more grown-up than me!

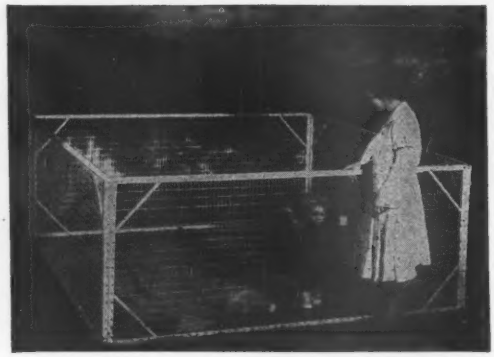
Sunning in a JANTZEN builds sturdy bodies

When days are warm and sunny, put your youngster into a Sunnette. Glowing cheeks, dancing eyes and boundless energy are the outward signs of these healthful sun-baths. ¶ But more than this is taking place. In this brief suit wee tots absorb the ultra-violet rays of light and store up a winter's supply of Vitamin D, so essential to strong bones, sound nerves, sound teeth. ¶ The Jantzen Sunnette stays put the whole day long. Its straps are so adjusted that they won't slip off; sturdily stitched so that they won't pull out. Pre-shrunk long-fibre wool, colorfast, it is easy to launder. **Price $1.35 everywhere.** Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen
The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Write Dept. 92 Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon, for free catalog.

# *the* KIDDIE KORRAL



**Mothers—Here is a solution to one of your most perplexing problems—a portable playground for baby—it will keep him safe and sound in the sun or shade.**

THIS portable enclosure, 3 feet 2 inches high and 8 feet square, gives small children the benefit of fresh air and the health-giving ultra violet rays of the sun. The Korral can be easily moved to any part of the yard. Mother can place baby inside its strong, stable enclosure and then go on with her work knowing that he cannot climb out, or stray into dangerous traffic. An occasional glance out of the window to see if "all is well" is the only attention that baby needs while he is so carefully "minded" by this steel protector, the Kiddie Korral.

It is made of steel angles and electrically welded non-climable wire fabric in aluminum finish. The four finished panels can be set up or dismantled in a few moments. One panel swings as a gate. Complete Kiddie Korral $20.00. Satisfaction or money refunded on return—sold direct from factory at factory price.

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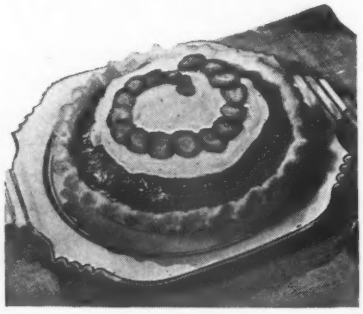
# *Foods with Festive Forms for June . .*



*Strawberry Blossom Tart*

THE month of parties keeps the hostess on the qui vive for variety and charm in her menus. Salads, appetizers, garnishes, desserts and beverages—the mainstays of any party—must all be different for each occasion.

Again Royal solves the hostess's problems—with a brand new food discovery—Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert.

Just try this new SPEED gelatin with some of the fascinating new Royal recipes. It is so QUICK and easy to prepare . . . ready to unmould in HALF the time you have usually allowed.

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## BIRD CHILDREN

[*Continued from page 278*]

violet, and it has a red bill. Its nest is in hollow trees, near streams of water. When the baby ducks have grown so big that they are tired of living in a nest, they demand to get out, and being very restless children, they jump up and down, trying to see out of the window! But the nest is a foot or two below the window of the hollow tree in which it is built, and the house itself is often fifty feet or more from the ground! The babies can hear the other birds splashing about in the water, and they want to swim too! How can they get down?

This is the remarkable thing that these clever birds do. Mr. Duck takes his place as a watchman on a branch near-by, uttering a low "peet-peet," while Mrs. Duck flies to the nest, stretches in her neck, and, as one of the ducklings jumps towards her, she seizes it gently in her bill, either by its soft fuzzy neck or by its wing, and flies off, in spite of its protestations. She places it safely on the ground at the foot of the tree. Up she goes again and gets another and then another, until, in a few minutes, all the ducklets are running about on the ground, wagging their downy tails and poking their bills into everything around them. Then the proud Mr. Duck flies down from his perch of observation, and the proud Mrs. Duck and he head the procession to the pond! Soon there are quacks of delight and a great splashing, as the whole family goes swimming about in the water! At night they sleep in a comfortable spot in the woods, and the nest is deserted until the following year.

In far northern countries, many birds find homes on high cliffs, far above the sea. The young guillemots are among these. They are shapely birds, with black back and head and white breast. As they stand on the rocks they look like little men in white waistcoats. The same problem confronts the baby guillemots, when they wish to leave the nest, that the ducks have to face. The old bird often comes to the rescue, and carries her little ones down to the water. But these birds are too heavy to be carried in the mother's bill, so what does she do? Down she crouches on the rock and coaxes and persuades, until at last a little one perches on her back, between her wings. Then down she darts, perhaps a hundred feet to the water.

Many other birds have been known to carry the little ones in their claws to a place of safety, and many stories are told of brave, devoted mothers who perform remarkable feats to protect their babies.

The great-crested-fly-catchers, as well as several other birds, adopt a curious method of protecting their little ones while they are in the nest. They wind into the nests one or more of the old skins which have been shed by snakes, so that they look exactly like live snakes coiled about the nests. So effective has this device proved that no nest of the great-crested-fly-catcher has, I believe, ever been found without one of these sham snakes.

## THE GOOD CITIZENS' FLOWER SHOW

[*Continued from page 284*]

Harvey called the others "copy-cats" because each of them decided to keep a notebook, too, and to add a new flower to their collections every day. In cases where they couldn't pull a flower to press, they drew a picture of it instead or found one in a seed catalogue and pasted it in.

But all the flowers didn't go into the flower books. Huge bouquets found their way each week into the homes of shut-ins and others who needed them, and the gardens of the Good Citizens bloomed all summer.

### Prize Winners

### "MY FAVORITE PRESIDENT"

### Contest

Girl: Kathryn Sexton, Berkeley, Calif.

Boy: Francis Reagan, Jr., Rathbone, N. Y.

**Special Mention**

M. Vivian Anderson
Edward Auchord
David Bernhardt
Willie Ethel Caskey
Paul Correll
Isabella Craighead
Lucille Ernst
Jack Edward Gardner
Alice George
Katherine Stuart Gillis
William K. Jett
Paul Jones
Arson Kalorian
Monteene Kerksieck
Kenneth Koller
Marion Lunham
Jane Ellen McConley
Jeno Paulucci
Lillian Segel
Gale Starr
Louis Stevens
Margaret Anne Stewart

### February Honor Roll

The following boys and girls earned twenty-five or more honor points during February:

Edward Anchord
Helen Armstrong
Charlene Babbs
Walter Babbs
Emil Bailke
Mary Balger
Norma Balzen
Betty Barker
George Barker
Gwendolyn E. Bell
Hazel Bell
Junior Bell
Marie Bell
Lowella Benson
Eleanor Bentley
Cornelia Braden
Harold Braden
John Braden
Adlina Brazil
Arlene Brown
Emily I. Brown
Lenore Brown
Otis Brown
Frances Bullock
Gorden Burnett
Dorothy Bush
Evelyn Cinnamond
Faye S. Clark
Hygine Colston
Florence Cook
Kenneth Counter
Mary Cowles
Gene Cramer
Virginia Cramer
Lucetta Culling
Flora Cunningham
Donald Davis
Mattie Davis
Mary Dean
Warren Decker
Aaron Dedmon
Blanche Despres
Irene Despres
Helen J. Ervin
Harold Feaster
Beryl Friebe
Herbert Gandt
Isabella Gaud
Permelia Gibbons
Leola Gordon
Vivian Gordon
Minnie Grandgeorge
Herbert Halves
Anthony Hardy
Harold Hartnett
Mary Ellen Hartnett
Gordon Hawkins
Howard Hawkins
Margaret Herman
Wilber Heydenberk
Geraldine Higgins
Anna B. Hille
Wesley Holtdorf
Margaret Hooper
Eva Horju
Jerry Hudson
Helen Hungerford
Donald Johnson
Margret Johnston
Kathleen Jones
Loyd Keil
Rachel Keil
Virginia Keil
Bobby Kelly
Dorothy Kelly
Welborn Kelly
Revoe Kibby
Dale Kruckman
Rolasie Labrucherie
Mary Ann La Goe
Josephine Lake
Eunice Leduc
Richard Leichty
Virginia Lewis
Lucile Loucks
Arline Lucentre
Ruth Lucentre
Mildred Lux
Annie L. McAdams
Lester McCollom
Ruby McCollom
Loyd McKewen
Agnes Malaki
Patty Mansfield
Mary Margaret
Irene Mason
June Matthes
Evelyn Miller
John Raymond Mitchell
Anna K. Molster
Mildred Moncreif
Warren Moore
Norma Mosher
Iona Mosel
Ruby Murphy
Eligh Murrell
Agnes Nett
Ernest Noefke
Lola Noefke
Jimmie Norman
Floyd Odenbuall
Mary Odenbuall
June Pacey
Dorothy Paradis
Cleda Phillips
Freda Phillips
George Phillips
Edwin Price
Jewell Ragan
Wayne Ragan
Frank Rausch
Nellis Raymond
Robert H. Richardson
Wilma Rita
Margaret Rodgers
Selma Rommert
Wilbert Round
Imogene Ryan
Mary Sana
Aneta Saucke
La Vern Saucke
Theodore Saucke
Charlie Schleicher
Elsie Schonewise
Horace Schoenwiser
Dorris Scott
Maxine Scott
J. D. Self
Joe Shunk
Nich Shunk
William Shunk
Olga Siderook
Everett Siedschlag
Louis Sisemore
Wilma Smith
Elov Soderlund
Bennie Spurlock
June Stedman
Floyd Stephanson
Alice M. Summers
Charles E. Sweatt
Carrene Tanner
Helen Thompson
Hope Thompson
John Thompson
Marion Thompson
Mina M. Thompson
Earl Tower
Marcus Tower
Bonnie Tresslar
Wilma Tresslar
Howard Vannaken
Elizabeth Vernon
Clyta Wallis
Helen Wallis
Ruth Wehr
Frank Wells
Rollin Wilcox
M. V. Williams
Robert Wilson
Maxine Woodliff
Hilja Wuotinen
Theresa Yanesh
Mary M. York
Mary Young


*Do you have difficulty in selecting*

# THE RIGHT BOOKS

*for your child to read?*

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**RIGHT from his point of view?**

***HE WANTS*** books of thrilling interest, stories of adventure, of animals and hunting, of nature and the out-of-doors, love stories, sea stories, stories of school life, of mystery, of science, of humor.

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The result of all this work is this wonderfully comprehensive and scientifically accurate GUIDE. And the secret of its unique usefulness lies in the four booklists which it contains. By their aid you can select reading (1) suited to the *age* of your child, (2) exemplifying the *qualities* you wish him to acquire, (3) suggesting the *attitudes* you want him to develop, (4) dealing with the *subject matter* in which he is most interested. All of these lists are arranged for sure and easy usefulness.

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**HOLGATE BROTHERS COMPANY**
**KANE, PA.**

## . . Earn a Surprise Package

## *Win one of the 150 Prizes*

YOU'LL want to have the copies of Child Life with the rest of the contest in it so you can win one of the prizes listed on page 274.

Besides you'll have all the fun of reading the adventure and mystery stories about animals, fairies, cowboys and Indians. Then there are the games, puzzles, cut-outs, and especially the Kitchen and Workshop that will mean hours and hours of fun.

On hot summer days mother will be very glad that you have Child Life to keep you busy.

Just send the coupon below with one dollar ($1.00), and Child Life will be mailed to you in a jolly new wrapper for the next five months. Then, too, you'll have everything to help you in the new contest.

CUT HERE

CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. J-30

Please send the next five issues of Child Life to the name below. One dollar is enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....


## DIG, LONNY! DIG!

[*Continued from page 289*]

them on the lawn, found it hard to credit the tale.

"You're dreaming!" their big brothers scoffed. "Or joking."

But their father did not laugh. Taking the little boy and girl's eager hands in his, he strode along toward the willow at the far end of the beach, the rest following, excitedly plying him with questions.

"How on earth do you suppose the silver got there?" they chorused.

"I can only guess," he replied. "You know the report said the thieves were frightened away while they were at work, and had to make a run for it. It isn't easy to find a good hiding place in the night time, if you're in a hurry; and the beach is the only way they could go to escape unless they climbed the fence. They had to pass the willow, and under its roots would be a natural place to stick the silver if they didn't dare carry it any farther. Of course, they must have meant to return for it when the excitement died down."

"And then we came right up to the lake, the minute we heard the news and they haven't had the chance," one of the boys added.

"That probably explains it, although of course we'll never know definitely, unless the robbers are caught," replied his father, "that is if the children are right and they really have found the silver."

"Here it is! Here it is!" called Lonny, running on ahead, and soon the entire family were gathered around the big willow tree, gazing at the heap of knives and forks and spoons spread out on the sacking beneath it.

To their parents, the discovery of the stolen silver seemed remarkable enough, and their mother gathered it up thankfully, resolving never again to leave it in the empty house.

As for the children, it seemed the most thrilling thing that had ever happened at Delavan, and for a long time, until the next excitement came along, they regarded with unusual respect their younger brother and sister, Edie and Lonny, who in playing their childish game of "Pirates," had really discovered buried treasure.

## FLAG SONG

(Reveille)

NANCY BYRD TURNER

SEND it up to the tip of the staff,
Flag of our land, swift and fair,
Bright in the sun, light in wind,
Brave on the air!

Banner of freedom, bright as dawn!
Off with the hat, up with the hand,
Pledging our lives to bear it on,
Flag of our land!

## PATTEN BEARD'S BUTTON GAME SERIES

### *June Game: Graduation*

(See page 299)

THIS game is to be played on the page of the magazine without cutting the magazine.

Lay the magazine flat on a table or on the floor.

Any number of players may enter the game.

Each must have a tiny button with colored thread sewed at its center to distinguish it.

Play is made by means of counters. These are two large buttons. Toss up counters in a small box-cover to get your count. If the button falls right-side up, count is *one;* if wrong-side up, count is *two;* where one is right and one wrong-side, count is *three.*

All players start from *home.*

Players progress slowly or rapidly, according as they have learned the elements of education, going by count at each turn.

Play in turn. Count out for beginner.

Where you reach a new step in education, you must stop before entering the new school for *examination.* This consists in obtaining the full count of *three* before you go on to the higher.

The player to obtain *diploma* first wins the game.

## FLAG SONG

(Taps)

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE sun dips low
In evening skies,
The shadows grow,
The bugle cries.

Echoes are stirred
By hill and town;
Slow, at their word,
The flag comes down.

Flag of our land,
Dear flag of light,
Watching we stand—
Good night, good night!

## OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 280*]

YOUNG HEROES OF THE BIBLE, by Anne Stoddard. With an introduction by S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LLD. Illustrated by Arthur Zaidenberg...$2.50 (Century.)

Miss Stoddard tells four stories in this book: that of Isaac and Rebekah, and the earlier adventures of Joseph, Moses, and David, and tries to make the home life, and the geographical background of these old-time children seem real to us.

FAMOUS GIRLS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, by Kate Dickinson Sweetser. .....$2.50 (Thomas Y. Crowell.)

From the title you might think that this was more stories about children in the White House—like "The White House Gang" by Earl Looker that we were talking about in April. But these are older girls—in fact, practically all of them get married. The first story is about Nelly Custis. Then comes Dolly Madison, and so on down to Alice Roosevelt, Helen Taft and the three daughters of President Wilson.

### JUST STORIES

POTATO FACE, by Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt Brace.)

This is the handful of stories that Carl Sandburg saved out for grown people when he published "Rootabaga Stories" and "Rootabaga Pigeons" for children. But there is no reason why children shouldn't read them, too. You will probably remember the Potato Face blind man who "sits with his accordion on the corner next nearest the post office," and Mr. Sandburg's way of writing a story so that the plot sounds as though it had gone a little wrong like the words in Jaberwocky, and at the same time as though maybe it meant a lot more than it said.

TEA TIME TALES, by Rose Fyleman. Illustrated by Erick Berry.....$2.00 (Doubleday, Doran.)

First comes a little poem, and then the story itself. All of them are about things that don't usually have stories and poems written about them, a little path, for instance, that stopped suddenly in the midst of a meadow—you could never guess why. A man who wanted to jump to the moon, and practiced a whole lot, in the end jumped over it by mistake. There is one about a broom, one about a door knocker—who was a goblin. There is even one about a biscuit.

TRAVELING SHOPS: *Stories of Chinese Children,* by Dorothy Rowe. Pictures by Lynd Ward.....$2.00 (Macmillan.)

At your age—whatever that may be—you would probably find yourself a very responsible person if you happened to live in China. Ma-Lee is twelve but she keeps

[*Continued on page 296*]


# Give Them a wonderful vacation

*Old Faithful Geyser—©Haynes, St. Paul*

**You can do it for practically no cost at all if you know how**

YOU just have to remember one thing: that for a whole term the children have been inside looking out. Now they are going to be outside looking in. And outside is where they will find everything they want to know about.

All that they need now is some *source* to turn to for the meaning of what they are seeing with their own eyes. In other words, what they need are "*source books.*" And the greatest of all these source books for children is COMPTON'S *Pictured Encyclopedia.*

If they are planning to go away this summer, the children will take these wonderful encyclopedias with them and everything they see will have a meaning.

If they are staying at home, they can travel in imagination with Compton's clear around the world, without leaving their own backyard. And when vacation is over they will be eager to get back to school to tell all they have learned. And *you* will have had the easiest vacation *you* have ever known.

Compton's is a source book about everything that children want to know. It is written and pictured in their own language. It is a picture-story-book encyclopedia. Everything absolutely accurate, alphabetically arranged and get-at-able, yet everything made simple and intensely interesting.

Children who have Compton's almost always get better marks in school, become leaders amongst their playmates, and acquire the habit of success for later life.

**« How you can get Compton's for a first payment of only $3.50 down »**

This coupon will bring you a big complete sample of Pictured Section taken right out of Compton's Encyclopedia. With it we will send you, without any obligation, a Vacation Adventure Booklet, showing how thousands of others are using Compton's for wonderful vacations.

*Here is the coupon. Fill it in and mail it now.*

**Compton's** *Pictured* **Encyclopedia**

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Please send me at once, without any obligation, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

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City.....State.....

*Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.*

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A SANTA FE Summer Xcursion Ticket will take you to the scenic regions of the Far West at very small cost.

Our travel experts will gladly arrange details of your tour. Be sure to take the Indian-detours and the new Petrified Forest detour.

Our Escorted All-Expense Tours, weekly during June, July and August, include Colorado Springs, Old Santa Fé, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Los Angeles, San Diego, Agua Caliente (Old Mexico), Yosemite, San Francisco, and Glacier or Yellowstone, or Canadian Rockies according to tour selected. Every detail cared for by experienced travel directors. Booklets on request.

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Please mail folders checked below:
☐ California Picture Book ☐ The Indian-detours
☐ Colorado Summer ☐ Grand Canyon Outings
☐ Escorted all-expense Tours

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## OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 295*]

house while her mother is out working. She listens for the sellers of hot food. Each one goes by at the same time each day—like a clock striking. Tse Ching is younger still but he takes the family buffalo to water. Big Wolf is so good to his younger brothers and sisters that he doesn't even have a warm enough coat when his story begins. This is a book of interesting stories which also gives you a very good idea of what it looks like and feels like to be a boy or girl in China to-day.

## MORE BOOK FRIENDS

Reviewed by Marjorie Barrows
*Associate Editor*

TEN well-loved book friends have just come out in a stunning but practical new dress of silver and black. They are beautiful to look at in this modern binding, and inside you will find COMPTON'S PICTURED ENCYCLOPEDIA, that unusually fine reference work that boys and girls and their parents, too, find so interesting, instructive, and inspiring.

It's fun to learn about things when accurate, up-to-date, facts are written up as fascinatingly as a favorite story-book, illustrated with many attractive pictures and clear diagrams and indexed so that this whole world of knowledge is at your finger tips. I know one little girl who said that one of the best friends she had last summer was Compton's. "I use it in the winter, for it helps me with my school work a lot," she told me. "But in the summer on rainy days and between picnics and things I'm always diving into it to find out about how wasp nests are made, and how ants comb their hair and milk their cattle, and how movies are made and how smart and faithful dogs really are. This summer I'm going to act out some of the hero stories." And one boy told me that he liked best to read about polar explorations and radio and Lindy. "It tells all about them in Compton's," he added.

So during this vacation time, when you are not swimming or fishing and when time hangs heavy on your hands, pick up one of these ten delightful volumes and find out for yourself what fun it is to *learn all about* something you have just discovered. Then you will come upon a bit about Robin Hood, the Canterbury Pilgrims, Hiawatha or Ivanhoe that will thrill you and you will just read on and on. Your big brother may want to know about the lungs of an automobile or about how the soaring motor car of the air really works. Your little sister may be laughing over the stories of Peter Pan, Howler the Monkey or Johnny Bear or the Fairy Calf. And all of you will surprise your mother and father with the amount of interesting, accurate, up-to-date information you've picked up when you were reading just for fun in this extraordinarily stimulating encyclopedia that thoughtful parents, teachers and educators enthusiastically endorse.

Mother Accept!

Cake of this CERTIFIED Baby Soap to Try . . .

Watch How After-Bathing Irritations *Disappear*

THIS offers a test of the uniquely gentle CERTIFIED baby soap you have recently heard and read so much about. A creation that brings that CERTIFIED safety to your baby's soap that *Certified* brings to milk.

Largely on doctors' advice, mothers are flocking to this unique creation.

*To Overcome a Grave Injustice*

It comes from a soap laboratory of international importance. Its name is STORK Soap. It is one of the few soaps in the world that is made from virgin olive and vegetable oils, then super-fatted—and that is CERTIFIED as such. Thus it is gentle beyond words.

It was developed largely on the request of doctors to protect mothers from a grave injustice practiced in calling alkaline soaps "non-irritating" and "safe." *For soaps were called gentle that were not;* harsh soaps, caustic soaps, soaps irritant to baby skins.

To meet that situation this CERTIFIED Baby Soap was developed—so that mothers could be protected in their buying. *Virtually every noted baby doctor in America endorses it.* Leading hospitals employ it.

*Accept Free Cake*

To place it now in the hands of every mother, a liberal size cake will be sent postpaid to try. Just mail the coupon.

LIBERAL SIZE CAKE and BOOK **FREE** 160R

LUXOR LIMITED, Dept. L-11
1355 West 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me free liberal size cake of Stork Soap and the booklet "How Best to Bathe Baby."

STORK SOAP
*Certified*
Super-Fatted

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

## OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 276]

two-thirds their length. Then spread apart the ends, slip a rubber ball between them, as shown in Figure 3, and wind several turns of thread around the sticks, at the three points indicated. Pull the thread tight, to make the sticks pinch the ball, so that it cannot slip out. This completes the backbone or "reach" of the framework.

Tack the centers of sticks B to the ends of block C, as shown in Figure 4. Then slip the other two balls between the stick ends, and whip the sticks with thread, each side of the balls, as shown, to keep the balls in place. This completes the cross-beam portion of the framework.

Pry sticks A apart, at a point about 2 inches from the bow, to admit the mast, and bore a hole in block C (Figure 4) large enough to receive the mast end.

Make a triangular sail out of a scrap of linen or other cloth, lash one edge to the mast, and sew a string to the lower corner to tie to a tack driven into the framework. Brace the mast with a thread or string, tied to the mast-top and to the bow.

When you have assembled the bubble boat, finish the framework blue, and the mast and balls red, with lacquer or enamel.

Now, we are ready to tackle the motor-boat shown in Figure 5. The hull is made of two pieces of board ¾ inch thick. Figure 6 shows the width and length to cut them, also the point at which the side edges should begin to taper. The curves of the bow must be alike. Draw a center-line on the block, as shown, then draw one curve, make a tracing of the curve, and trace it off upon the other side of the center line.

The cockpit (Figures 6 and 7) is made by cutting a hole 2½ inches wide and 6 inches long through the upper block. Mark off this space upon the block, as shown, then bore a hole near one corner of the space, to admit your coping-saw blade, and saw close to the outlines. Trim up the edges with a file, and smooth them with sandpaper. The bottom of the lower block slopes at the bow, as shown in Figure 7. Do this shaping with a plane, or with your jackknife and a file.

Nail the hull blocks together, and complete the cockpit by fitting two small blocks inside of the opening, for seats, and by nailing a narrow strip of wood around the top, for a "coaming," as shown in Figures 6 and 7. Mount a wheel from a toy automobile, on a stick, and drive the stick into a hole bored in the upper block, for a steering wheel.

The motor boat is run by a rubber-band motor (Figure 7). Make the propeller out of a piece of No. 22 brass or galvanized iron. Figure 8 shows how to lay it out. If you have difficulty in cutting and shaping it, ask Daddy or a tinner to help you. Punch a hole through the center of the propeller hub, twist the blades as indicated in Figures 7 and 9. Make the propeller shaft of a piece of wire of about No. 10 gauge. Figure 10 shows how to bend the shaft with a crank formed at one end.

For the propeller hanger, get a 1½ inches by 1½ inches iron angle brace (Figure 11). Screw this to the bottom of the hull near the stern, as shown in Figure 7. The lower screw hole in the projecting leg of the brace will receive the propeller shaft. But it is too large. To reduce it, use one of the wheels from an old alarm clock. This wheel must have a shank, like the pair in Figure 12. It should be placed so that its shank fits in the hanger hole, as indicated in Figure 11.

To mount the propeller, slip it over the shaft, then place two clockwork wheels back to back, as in Figure 12, slip the shaft through their shanks, slip the shank of the inner wheel through the hanger hole, and bend the shaft end into a hook. The diagrams show the assembly clearly. Screw a brass hook into the hull bottom near the bow, for the front motor hook.

Get five feet of model-airplane motor rubber for the motor. Run it back and forth over the motor hooks, to make six strands. Or, loop enough rubber bands end to end to make six strands.

Of course, you must paint, enamel or lacquer the motor boat, after sandpapering the surfaces, to make a good looking job. Then, before launching her, make a pennant of a scrap of cloth, and mount it upon a pole made of a finishing-nail. Paint the nail yellow.

## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 290]

### NATURAL STRAWBERRIES

**Wash the strawberries but leave the stems on. Drain well. Arrange a small mound of powdered sugar in the center of each dessert plate. Around the sugar, place a ring of choice berries. Set in a cool place till dessert time.**

### THE REST OF THE DINNER

Put the cookies on a serving plate on the server, ready for dessert.

Make the salad, according to the recipe given in May, and have it on the table when dinner is served.

Just before dinner is served, take up the meat ring, putting it in the center of a hot platter. To serve the ring, take the baking pan from the oven, remove the cover and with two pancake turners remove the meat to the platter. Arrange the potatoes around the outside of the ring. Pour the buttered peas into the center. Garnish the platter with sprays of parsley and keep hot till served.

This same meat ring can be used for a picnic dinner, only then it is made in the morning so it can be well chilled in time for the picnic. In packing, line the ring with paraffin paper and put potato salad in the center, garnishing with crisp lettuce. Or bake the meat in loaf shape, wrapping it well and serving the salad from a separate container.

**JUNE DINNER**

**Carrot Salad Crackers**
**Baked Meat Ring Roasted Potatoes**
**Buttered Peas**
**Strawberries with Sugar**
**Crumple Kisses**

# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

*Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.*

BETH is ready for her first party and expects to have a wonderful time! If a pretty frock will help, she will indeed. It is made of crepe de Chine with a high waist, scalloped skirt and a bateau neck.

But one cannot always be dresssed for parties, so for less festive occasions Beth has two other dresses—a flowered crepe with a round yolk which extends in front and forms a panel and a handkerchief linen, with pleats in front and back for fullness, a round collar and perky bow, just the thing for joyful romps.

Are your dresses ready for the happy June days? These patterns will help you if they are not.

Pattern No. 6621, 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3, and 4 years.
Pattern No. 6760, 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years.
Pattern No. 6761, 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.

---

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

# GRADUATION

## A GAME BY PATTEN BEARD

FRENCH

LATIN

ENGLISH

GOODNESS

GEOMETRY

GRAMMAR

TRUTHFULNESS

GEOGRAPHY

KINDNESS

MATHEMATICS

HISTORY

OBEDIENCE

LITERATURE

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

ELECTIVES

ARITHMETIC

ALPHABET

SINGING

NUMBERS

PLAYCRAFT

(For directions see page 295)

## For SAFE Celebrations

NO GUN-POWDER

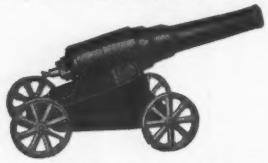
NO MATCHES

SAFE NOISE and plenty of it.

*"It doesn't hurt a bit"*

# BIG-BANG

The Flash and BANG of a real gun without danger from bullets or gun powder burns. Special ammunition provided—called bangsite—is non-inflammable, non-poisonous, and cannot burst the gun. A safe toy for celebrating. Delights all boys who own one. Lasts for years. Approved by Child Life.

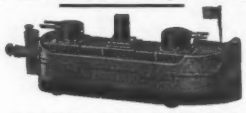


**BIG-BANG HEAVY ARTILLERY**
Four red wheels, strong steel carriage.
No. 10W—Price $3.00—length 14 inches

*Mounted on two large red artillery wheels—comes in four sizes.*

**BIG-BANG FIELD ARTILLERY**
No. 16F—Price $5.50—length 23 inches
No. 12F—Price $3.75—length 17 inches
No. 8F—Price $2.25—length 11 inches
No. 6F—Price $1.50—length 9 inches

**BIG-BANG BOMBING PLANE**
Fired like any BIG-BANG. Each BANG spins the propeller. Finished in bright colors.
No. 11F—Price $3.50—length 11 inches



**BIG-BANG NAVY GUN-BOAT**
Mounted on 4 wheels.
No. 9B—Price $2.00—length 9 inches

**BIG-BANG ARMY TANK**
Fired like any BIG-BANG, with the added feature that Tank can also be fired by stepping on the igniter.
No. 5T—Price $1.00—length 8 inches

**EXTRA SUPPLIES**
**Bangsite (ammunition) per tube $.15**
**Spark Plug (igniter) per card.... .10**

**If your dealer cannot supply you,** *send money order or check or pay the Postman for a "BIG-BANG" with a Supply of Bangsite (ammunition) which will be sent to you prepaid in U. S. A. together with complete directions.*

***The Larger the Size, the Louder the* BANG**

**The Conestoga Corporation**
**Main Office and Factory, BETHLEHEM, PA.**


## Joy Givers' Club

CLUB MOTTO

*"The only joy I keep is what I give away."*

IANETTE BUCKLEY AND HER SISTERS AND BROTHERS

Dear Miss Waldo:

We have five farms in Plano, near Aurora. We have about one hundred sixty cattle, ten riding horses, about eight working horses and thirteen rabbits. We have one dog on each of our five farms. There are two police, a chow-police, and one of the farm hands has a collie. I have a pony, a dog (the chow-police dog is mine), some rabbits on the farm and in here I have a parrot, two fish, two snails (they laid some eggs but they haven't hatched yet), and three polly-wogs and two turtles.

I have two sisters and one brother. I am sending you a picture of them and myself. I am the oldest girl in the family. The next one is Nancy, then Sue, and the baby boy's name is Arthur.

IANNETTE BUCKLEY,
Age 10. Evanston, Ill.

### THE WILD HORSE

With tail and mane flying in the breeze, neck arched, ears perked up to catch any sound of approaching enemies, stood a beautiful wild horse. No human hand had ever lain on him. He had never known shelter, except a ledge of rocks in the distant hills. Now on the ridge of the prairie he stood. All he knew were "the ways of prairies," and to run from his enemies.

A cloud of dust arose from the prairies. Horses and riders appeared from the veil of dust. Only a few miles were between him and his would-be captors. The horse watched them until they were about a half mile from him. Then he lifted his head and whinnied, turned and fled. When the men gained the hill, they stopped, for down below them, running swiftly and gracefully, raced the outlaw. Gapping before the horse was a cavern of the depth of fifty feet or more. The water foamed against its rocky walls and eddied around the huge boulders. The horse raced on, nor did he slacken his speed, as he cleared the yawning depth, and disappeared in the open prairies "free."

VIRGINIA MARIE PRICE,
Age 12. Bridger, Mont.


# HUBLEY TOYS

***"They're Different"***

*It's a Hubley Toy*
*Made only by Hubley*

**Look for this trade mark**

Have you ever seen a real aquaplane skipping over the waves behind a fast motor boat? This HUBLEY TOY looks exactly like it when you pull it along! Try it—it's great fun.

**THE HUBLEY JANTZEN SURF GIRL**

THIS lifelike toy—a neatly modeled figure standing on a surf board, bobs up and down when pulled just as a real aquaplane does. The girl has on a Jantsen bathing suit—not a real one of course—but it looks real and has the famous Jantsen trade mark on it. The toy is 8" long and 8" high, brightly colored, and there are realistic waves around the surf board. You'll be pleased when you play with this toy, and you can take it to the seashore with you. We have another toy almost the same as this with a life guard instead of the girl. The HUBLEY trade mark, shown above, should be on the toy you buy—look for it. If your dealer doesn't have it, send us $1.50 and his name, and we'll send the toy promptly. (If West of the Mississippi, send $1.75.)

**THE HUBLEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY**
*Established 1894*
**Dept. CL, Lancaster, Pennsylvania**

Your toy dealer will be glad to show you the famous Hubley Indian and Harley Davidson Motorcycle toys, "Lindy" Airplanes, Maytag Washers and many others if you show him this ad. Look for the HUBLEY trade mark—it is your guarantee of satisfaction.

**"EXCLUSIVE RIGHT"**

# HUBLEY TOYS

**"LETS PLAY INDIAN"**
It's lots of fun in a "Big Chief" Indian Wigwam. Easily erected, attractively colored, no center poles to take up floor space.
**Send for a "Big Chief" today**
$3.50 Postpaid, Cash or C.O.D.
**E. & R. JAMES CO.**
**Box 319 Oakland, Calif.**

MAKE SOME CHILD HAPPY
SEND 50¢
DOLL SET RATTAN FURNITURE-4 PIECES 7" HIGH
BRING JOY AND SUNSHINE TO SOME LITTLE GIRL. SURPRISE HER WITH THIS WONDERFUL DOLL SET. 2 CHAIRS, TABLE AND SETTEE (Made in China) INTERWOVEN IN COLORS, RED GREEN & YELLOW. EXTRA WELL MADE AND VERY ATTRACTIVE. ONLY $1.90 POST-PAID TO YOUR DOOR
SEND TODAY - THE WESTON Co DEPT B 242 E 4 ST, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

## PEKINGESE

Largest and best appointed Kennels in world. Puppies—all ages, colors. Will send C. O. D. $25 up.

*Send for pictures. Also dog remedies.*

**MABEL BAXTER**
**Telephone 418 Great Neck, L. I.**


***If you missed the May installment of the***

## CHILD LIFE CONTEST

**Write for copies of those pictures to the**

***Prize Editor***
**% CHILD LIFE**
**536 S. Clark Street, Chicago**

SEE PAGES 274 AND 275

# Ranch Vacations

DID you ever see a real roundup with real cowboys, ridin' rip snortin' western animals they call horses ...roping critters... and bull doggin' steers?

You and your family can make your vacation in this gorgeous Western country as gentle, or as brimming full of action as you please. Along the route of the luxurious **New North Coast Limited** train in Montana and Wyoming are Dude Ranch trails with picturesque, comfortable Ranch cabins at your disposal.

If your family is interested in a Western ranch vacation, write us for free booklet and complete information.

**E. E. Nelson**
**267 Northern Pacific Ry.**
**St. Paul, Minn.**

714

North Coast Limited All-Pullman Train


Dear Miss Waldo:

I am in kindergarten. I had a funny dream the other night and thought you would like to hear about it. My daddy and mother thought it was an awfully funny dream. I do, too.

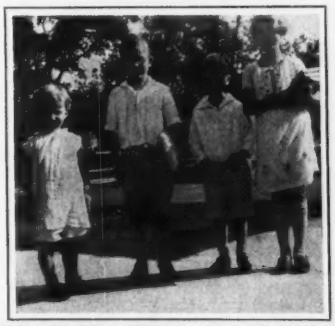
I dreamed that there were some nuts in a basket and one was open. There was a worm in it. When it would get thirsty, it would say, "E! E! E!" and then I'd give it a drink. Once I gave it too much water and it jumped out of the nut shell on to the

floor. I had my bedroom slippers off and the worm crawled on my toe. I kicked it off and went upstairs to bed. I looked under the door through the crack and saw it coming upstairs. I said, "Oh, shucks! It won't get under the door." So I went to bed.

All of a sudden the worm was crawling up the bedpost and over the blankets and then down across the floor to mother's bed. Then it crawled downstairs and said, "I'm hungry. I want some milk." Then it looked at itself in the mirror and said, "Oh, I'm all full of milk." Then it turned on the faucet and crawled under it and took a shower bath.

Don't you think this was a funny dream?

MARGO SETZ,
Age 6. Waterloo, Wis.



RUTH LOUISE LUEHRS AND HER FRIENDS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have one little sister, Mary Sunshine, and two younger brothers, Junior and Ted. They like to have me read my magazine to them, especially the Joy Givers' Club, as they are not old enough to read it.

We live in a small town and have a lot of fun roller skating right now. My brothers have a fire car large enough for two of them to ride in, and Mary Sunshine takes her dolls in her buggy.

Your friend,
Age 8. RUTH LOUISE LUEHRS,
Wilmington, Ill.


# "My Little Friends Have More Fun than a Circus!"

Dear Kiddies:

Wherever I go these days I find my little friends just having a great time playing outdoors. Just this morning on my way to work I met Betty and Billy Smith on the walk in front of their house. They both told me how much fun they were having with their Hustler Toys.

The month of June is here now - that means that you can be outside all day long. By the way, did you know that Children's Day comes on June 21st? Maybe Mother or Daddy will surprise you with one of my toys. Have Mother write your name and address below, mail it to me, and I'll send you some colored pictures of them.

Lovingly,
Uncle Bill Hustler

**HUSTLER**
Lifelike TOYS Instructive GAMES

IN TOY DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE

UNCLE BILL HUSTLER
Dept. C-2, Hustler Toy Corp., Sterling, Ill.

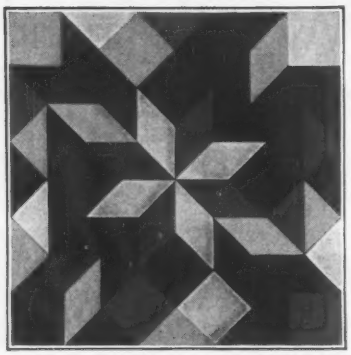
Kindly send colored picture booklet of Hustler Toys. I am enclosing five cents (5c) in stamps (or coin) to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State .....

I am....years old. My birthday is.....



**PARQUETRY BLOCKS**

THE bright colors and smooth lustrous finish of these large parquetry blocks make an instant appeal to the pre-school child. Their use encourages self expression, coordinates thought and action, develops a sense of design and color. Like all Institute products, they are based on the fundamental PLAYSKOOL Idea—"Learning While Playing." Priced at 50¢, $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00.

**PLAYSKOOL — The Home Kindergarten**

— the "key" product of PLAYSKOOL Institute consists of approved educational play materials contained in a sturdy, well-finished child's desk. For further information on the PLAYSKOOL Idea, send 25 cents, with coupon for the "Get Acquainted Package" containing sample PLAYSKOOL lessons.

**PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE**
594 COMMERCE ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.
A DIVISION OF JOHN SCHROEDER LUMBER COMPANY

*Gentlemen:* Enclosed please find $..... for which please send me, postpaid.
☐ Set of Playskool Parquetry Blocks @.....
☐ One "Get Acquainted Package" @ 25¢.
Name.....
Address.....

**WHOSE LITTLE BLUEBIRD IS DOROTHY ?**

AND what do you think she is doing up in that tree in her lovely blue dress! She's hiding just like you do. It's fun to color pictures too. Wouldn't you like to color this pretty one with your CRAYOLA and read the story about what she is doing?

Ask your mamma to send the coupon below and 25¢ and in a few days you will receive this picture (only much bigger) and nine more all with stories to color and then you can make a story-book of them. You can get CRAYOLA at any stationery or department store.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 25¢ for "Ten Stories To Color".
Name.....
Address.....

**CRAYOLA**


## BUNNY

I have a little bunny
As fat as he can be,
He loves to romp about the room,
And have a game of tag with me.

He has a pen of wire and wood,
To keep the dogs away.
The children come and watch him there
To see him eat and play.

JOSEPHINE EAGER,
East Chicago, Ind.

## OUR CIRCUS

Last summer some of my playmates and I had a circus. Those in the picture from left to right are Martha Ann Moore as an Indian, Pauline Harris as a gypsy, Grace Frice as an Indian, Davis Minster and Gray Davis as firemen and, last, myself as a fireman. At my feet is my dog, Snowball.

At the circus we charged three buttons to get in and one button at the grab bag. We all acted so funny that everyone had to laugh. One of us started to dance and the rest made funny faces. At the end we all danced in an Indian war dance.

ALICE LEFFLER,
Age 10½. Elkton, Md.

ALICE LEFFLER

## THE FAIRIES' SUMMER PARTY

Summer had come and the fairies were getting ready for a party. They caught many fireflies and put them in little fairy lanterns and hung them on the grass blades. They spread a spider web over five or six toadstools for a table. They trimmed their ballroom with rose petals and hollyhock petals. Then they invited the crickets' band and orchestra. They invited the katydids and elves to dance with them. Then they donned their party dresses and wings and waited for the guests.

The elves put on their best suits of green, the katydids their best green and the crickets their best brownish black band suits. Then they all trooped to the party. They ate the refreshments and danced until twelve o'clock. At one they were going to play games, when all of a sudden two children came into the midst of the throng and spoiled everything. The elves and the crickets and katydids all scampered home and hopped into bed, but the fairies stayed to ask why the children came. They said they went to look for flowers and when they wanted to go home they found that they had wandered far into the forest and couldn't find their way out. The fairy queen waved her wand and said some magic words, and pretty soon the children found themselves home in their mother's arms. Then the fairies called the crickets and elves and katydids and they all went on playing games as if nothing had happened.

Pretty soon they saw red streaks in the eastern sky and knew daylight was coming, so they all went to bed and slept soundly. The fairies slept soundly and happily because they had helped someone to safety.

JANET FULLINWIDER,
Appleton, Wis.

**"Dutch Boy" Sand Toy**

This jolly Dutch Boy goes to work the minute you pull the string. This regulates the flow of sand, and the boy turns the wheel for several minutes. Children everywhere love this toy. Ideal for sand box or beach.

14½ inches high, 5 inches wide, 7¾ inches long.

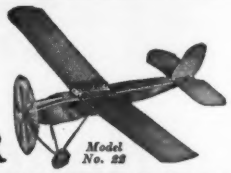
Shipped postpaid, with sand and shovel, complete. $2.25

DADDY SCOTT, Inc.
Marblehead, Mass.

*Send for complete illustrated catalog in colors*

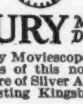


**'WAY OVER HOUSETOPS!**




THE Kingsbury *Silver Arrow* really flies! Launches by hand or "takes off" from ground. Long, continuous flights assured. Not a construction toy but fully built. A moment to assemble and it's ready to fly! Made of Balsa wood and aluminum; aluminum propellor; adjustable wings; strong elastic motor. Five models. Racing types—No. 1, wing spread, 18 in. $1; No. 2, wing spread, 26 in. $2; No. 3, (dual rudder) wing spread, 33 in, $3. Cabin types—No. 21, wing spread, 22 in. $2.50; No. 22, wing spread, 26 in. $3.50 (West of Miss. $1.10, $2.20, $2.75, $3.30, $3.85). If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order to us. *Join Silver Arrow Club and become a Master Pilot.*

KINGSBURY MFG. CO., 80F Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.

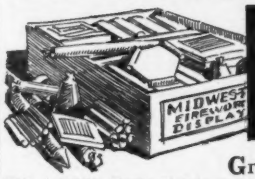
Send 10c for this novelty eraser. A steel disc wheel with  a "balloon" tire of solid eraser rubber. Set of 4, 35c.

**KINGSBURY** *MOTOR DRIVEN* **TOYS**

**FREE!** Kingsbury Moviescope! Twirling the leaves of this novelty book reveals a motion picture of Silver Arrow flying. Also shows 50 interesting Kingsbury Motor Driven Toys.



**This complete $8 FIREWORKS Celebration**




**$5.00**
OTHER ASSORTMENTS $2.50 to $50

GIVE YOUR FAMILY A REAL Fourth of July entertainment, supervised by parents. New 112 piece "Exhibition Lawn Display" provides complete celebration unequalled for variety, brightness, beauty—nationally famous quality.

Consists of 6 pieces each of 6, 8 and 10 ball Candles (18 in all), 2 each No. 5 Red, Green and Gold Fire Cones, 2 Chameleon Bombardments, 2 Aerial Sharks, 2 Golden Fountains, 2 Floral Bouquets, 2 Golden Rain Showers, 2 Silver X-Rays, 1 Mt. Aetna, 2 Golden Shooting Meteors, 2 Revolving Cascades, 2 Ves Fountains, 2 Silver Torches, 1 Vertical Wheel, 1 Silver Fountain, 1 B. W. & B. Fire Torch, 2 Colored Star Mines, 2 Flower Pots, 2 Catherine Wheels, 2 Flitter Fountains, 50 ten inch Electric Sparklers, 6 twenty-inch Electric Sparklers, liberal supply of Punk, firing instructions.

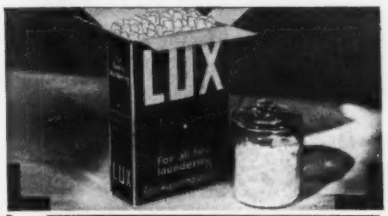
Shipped express, f.o.b. factory, same day order received. Send today, enclosing money order, bill or certified check. Marine Exhibits, Children's Assortments, Lawn Displays—$2.50 to $50—illustrated in our free catalog. Write for it. MIDWEST DISPLAY FIREWORKS CO., 12 South 5th St., Tippecanoe City, Ohio.

# Follow this rule of Doctors' Wives

A DOCTOR'S WIFE *knows*—she gives everything that belongs to her baby the safest care.

We asked doctors' wives how they washed their baby's wee garments ... 91% said enthusiastically, "We use Lux."

Many soaps contain harmful alkali, which may cause rashes and chafing. There is *no harmful alkali* in Lux. Just a dip in gentle Lux suds — no rubbing! — and baby things are *safely*, sweetly clean!



## Keep the Kiddies in their Own Back Yard Safe and Happy

**THE KIDDIE GYM** will mean a playground, and a background that will develop lovable, happy children, with strong, sturdy bodies. Just imagine what thrills and excitement!

### A Regular Gymnasium In Your Own Back Yard

It will hold the children's interest (3 to 15 years of age) and keep them in the sunshine—out of mischief, and off the streets, while developing hardy, muscular little bodies, so they can more easily resist sickness, which means little loss of time away from school. You will also save those unnecessary Doctor's bills caused from lack of proper exercise. THE KIDDIE GYM is highly endorsed by Educational and Medical Authorities. Priced so that every parent can provide this valuable play outfit for their children.

**9 Apparatus in 1**

SEE SAW · PARALLEL BARS · RINGS
TRAPEZE · HORIZONTAL BAR · CLIMBER
SWING · CHINNING BAR · BALANCE BOARD

**FREE** to Mother or Dad
Send coupon for complete FREE ILLUSTRATED KIDDIE GYM FOLDER

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Your illustrated Kiddie Gym literature. Please.
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
Factories at Minneapolis; Venice, Cal., Irvington, N.J.


Dear Miss Waldo:

For three years we have had "Child Life" given to us. It has been one of our greatest pleasures every month.

Our father has a twenty-six foot sailboat. Every summer we go to Plymouth, Massachusetts and go sailing. Some weekends the whole family sleep on it. The name of this boat is the Orchid. We are looking forward to going down to Plymouth this summer.

Your friends,
BRAINERD and
ROBERT BATES,
Providence, R. I.

Twins, age 10.

BRAINERD AND ROBERT BATES

## AN AMERICAN BOY IN CHINA

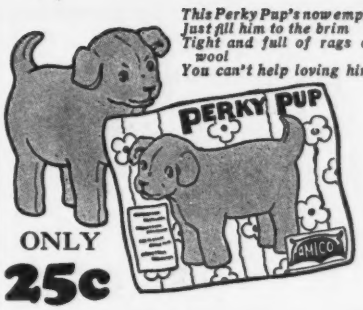
When I was a baby just eight months old my father and mother took me with them to China where my father served as a medical missionary. I wish that I had been big enough to remember our trip over there, for Daddy says we saw many interesting sights as we passed through the numerous states between South Carolina and North Dakota, where we entered Canada. More wonderful still we traveled for a whole day through the Canadian Rockies and on through the beautiful Canadian country until we came to Vancouver, where we got on the boat that took us to China.

I wish you could have seen the seals swimming in the water near the Aleutian Islands, and the flying fish in the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan. The Inland Sea is said to be one of the most beautiful places in the world. In some places the channel is so narrow that you feel as though you could almost reach out and touch the mountains which rise on either side. The Japanese fishing boats look just like the pictures you have seen and the little mountains dotted with pretty houses and green fields give one the impression of Fairyland.

Mother, Daddy and I didn't get to see much of Japan, as we went over, but coming back four years later we had a good time and saw more of this beautiful country with its interesting people.

When we got to Shanghai we spent two days at the Missionary Home in order to get ready for our journey inland. We joined some friends and took our first ride on a Chinese train, which is not like our trains but more like the trains in Europe. After riding a long time we came to Nanking where we had to cross the big Yangtzekiang River. There is no bridge there, so we had to get off the train and ride over to the other side on a ferry boat. Getting off of the boat at a town on the other side of the river, we got on another train and traveled all night. Late the next afternoon we got to Chengchow, the place where we planned to make our home. Good friends took care of us there until we went to Peking two weeks later.

Mother and Daddy had to go to school in Peking to study the Chinese language, but I didn't have to study. I stayed at home with my Chinese nurse. The first


*This Perky Pup's now empty*
*Just fill him to the brim*
*Tight and full of rags or wool*
*You can't help loving him.*

ONLY **25c**

## For an Amico Animal!

SUMMER or winter—bedtime is a willing time for children—when they have an Amico Animal for a bed-fellow.

How they love their Perky Pup, their Kuddle Kat, and Mr. L. E. Phant.

No wonder children hug them as they quickly close their eyes in sleep.

Amico animals are inexpensive, but children treasure them as living pets. They come to you made of colorful flannel—in a bright envelope—ready for stuffing and months of play.

***Fill in the coupon below and mail with your remittance—for the whole Amico Animal Family.***

AMMIDON & COMPANY
31 S. Frederick Street
Baltimore, Maryland

Enclosed find 25c for the Kuddle Kat ☐: Perky Pup ☐: L. E. Phant ☐: or 75c for the whole family ☐.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State .....B

## HOZFORM

**SOLVES the Hose Shrinking Problem**

Dry baby's stockings on Hozforms . . . light, silvery steel frames that stop the shrink . . . keep the hose soft and shapely as new . . . and dry them in one-fourth the usual time. Hozforms are rustproof . . . cannot snag the finest yarn . . . last for years. Quick and easy for busy mothers, too. Just toss them over the line . . . no clothespins needed. Hozforms cost a dollar . . . made in the same sizes as stockings. If your store does not have them, send us the coupon and we will mail them to you. You may enclose a dollar or pay the postman.

THE HOZFORM COMPANY
1361 So. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Send me.....pairs Hozforms, size.....
I am enclosing..... ☐ I will pay the postman.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Hozforms are also made for men's golf and half hose, women's golf hose and bobby sox and children's hose.

"Hozform has been approved by Child Life"

**CALVERT—**
**the School for the Youngest Generation**

THOUSANDS of mothers are teaching their children the Calvert way . . . in the wholesome surroundings of their own homes.

At the famous Calvert Day School records have been kept for 32 years of methods which best appeal to pupils. These successful methods are used in the home study courses. They make children eager to learn . . . teaching so simple any one can do it. "Mary's progress under the Calvert School has been phenomenal," writes a happy Rhode Island mother.

Starting with the kindergarten, Calvert Courses prepare for high school. They are credited by our best secondary schools. Missionaries, diplomats, particular parents in this country are teaching their children this better way.

Courses are priced so every child can enjoy their advantages. Write for information.

CALVERT SCHOOL
16 E. Tuscany Road Baltimore, Md.



***When Bobbie Says "NO" To Milk or Mush***

GIVE him something new—just change the dish by adding a little home-made Mapleine Syrup to the top of his mush. So pure and delicious, Bobbie will love the dish. Mapleine Syrup is made in a minute in thousands of homes, with sugar, water and Mapleine.

Or give his milk a tempting flavor with ¼ teaspoon Mapleine to the glass, with a little sugar added.

Many other delicious home uses for Mapleine in a new 60-page book, free on request. Also recipe folder with every bottle.

**Crescent Manufacturing Company**
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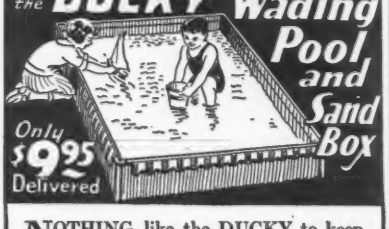
**Outdoor Fun for the Children With the DUCKY Wading Pool and Sand Box**




NOTHING like the DUCKY to keep the youngsters happy and contented in the health giving Sunshine. Easy to set up anywhere in your yard, handy to take along on outings. Fill with hose or pail. When empty it makes an ideal Sand Beach or Play Room.

**GUARANTEED WATERPROOF.** The Le Roy DUCKY is made in *one-piece* heavy canvas, decorated with a green and white striped scallop overlay, size 4x5 feet; 12 inches high; sectional metal frame; packed complete in carton.

**SEND NO MONEY**—Pay only $9.95 on delivery. We prepay express charges. Order now and give the children an entire summer's health benefit. A free catalog if you wish it.

LE ROY TENT COMPANY
3601 Gravois Ave. St. Louis, Mo.


word I ever spoke besides "Ma-ma" and "Da-da" was the Chinese word "Shen-mo," meaning "What's that?" I had a Chinese woman who took care of me while Mother was at school and as soon as most babies in America are speaking English I was able to speak both Chinese and English, for my nurse talked to me in Chinese while Mother and Daddy talked to me in English. Mother says that sometimes the American children in China can speak Chinese better than they can speak English.

Have you ever seen any Chinese children? The boys and girls look very much alike and dress almost alike. I don't remember much about how they look, but we have some pictures which Mother and Daddy took of me and my Chinese playmates and nurse. I liked to play with the Chinese children.

In Peking we were not far from the Gobi Desert and we used to see the camels on the streets bringing in sacks of coal on their backs. Once when we were out for a ricksha ride we saw a little baby camel running along beside its mother. Another interesting sight was the flocks of sheep being driven through the busy city streets. Sometimes when we were out playing we would hear whistles like beautiful music and when we looked to see where it came from, Chang Nai Nai, my nurse, told us that it was made by the wind blowing through the whistles fastened in the tails of the pigeons flying overhead.

One night when the moon was in eclipse we heard the most fire crackers I have ever heard, and dogs were barking all over the city. My nurse said that the "dogs of heaven" were trying to eat up the moon and the people were setting off the fire crackers to scare them away.

We lived in China four years and I suppose we would be there yet if Daddy hadn't gotten sick. I was nearly five years old when we came back to the United States to live and I remember some of the things I saw on the trip home. I don't remember much about China or Japan except that Daddy was so busy shopping in Yokohama that the boat almost left him and Mother had to ask the Captain to wait for him.

We didn't come back by Vancouver but took the southern route by way of Honolulu to San Francisco. We spent one day in Honolulu with a cousin of Daddy's and my brother and I sat on the curb and watched the automobiles all day, for in China we had not seen many automobiles. We were sorry that the bananas were not ripe, for my cousin had banana trees growing in her yard and I always did like bananas.

For lunch that day we had fresh ripe pineapple and it was so good. In the afternoon we went to ride and saw the beautiful American city. We had a good time with our cousins there but we were glad to get back on our big old boat and hurry on to the United States, for we wanted to see our folks whom we had not seen for four long years. It wasn't many more days before we came to San Francisco where we got off the boat and got on a big American train which carried us all the way to New Orleans and thence, across the Mississippi River, to South Carolina. We rode for four days and nights without getting off the train and we surely were tired. But we soon forgot about that when we got to our grandmother's house, had a nice hot supper and went to sleep in her good old-fashioned feather bed.

SAM PRUITT, JR.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

MY CHICKIE

I have a little chick
You should see her kick!

Age 8 DICK CASSIDY

JUNGLEGYM
(Patent March 25th, 1924)
*Means*
**FUN NO END**

THOSE little folks of yours just love to climb . . . And Junglegym gives them safe climbing—keeps them off fences, trees, etc. Group play helps children to get along with each other. Endorsed by leading educators.

**Write for Movi-Graff of Junglegym**
JUNGLEGYM CO.
84 Duane St. - - New York

**Sanitary DOUBLE-TIPPED SWABS**

Safety First, to many careful mothers, means "always keep Q-Tips handy." These hygienic swabs offer the modern way to apply antiseptics, the safe way to cleanse babies' eyes, ears, nose, navel, the best way to do a hundred personal tasks. Tipped on both ends with twists of boric-dipped, sterilized cotton. In sanitary, cellophane-wrapped boxes, 25c. Endorsed by physicians. Sold everywhere or write Dept. 22, Q-TIPS, Inc., 32 East 31st Street, New York.

Q'TIPS
DOUBLE TIPPED SWABS



**Freckles**

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use

**Bleach Cream**

you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores, 50c.

Write for free booklet. Tells "Why you have freckles. How to remove them."
Box 29, STILLMAN CO. Aurora, Ill.



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**Boys and Girls EARN EXTRA MONEY**

in spare time. Sell "Umake" Poster Flags, a fascinating, educational game for boys and girls. 30% commission. Write

THE NORMAN, REMINGTON CO.
347 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

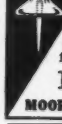


**"STAMMERING Its Cause and Cure"**

YOU can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
13451 Bogue Bldg, 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis





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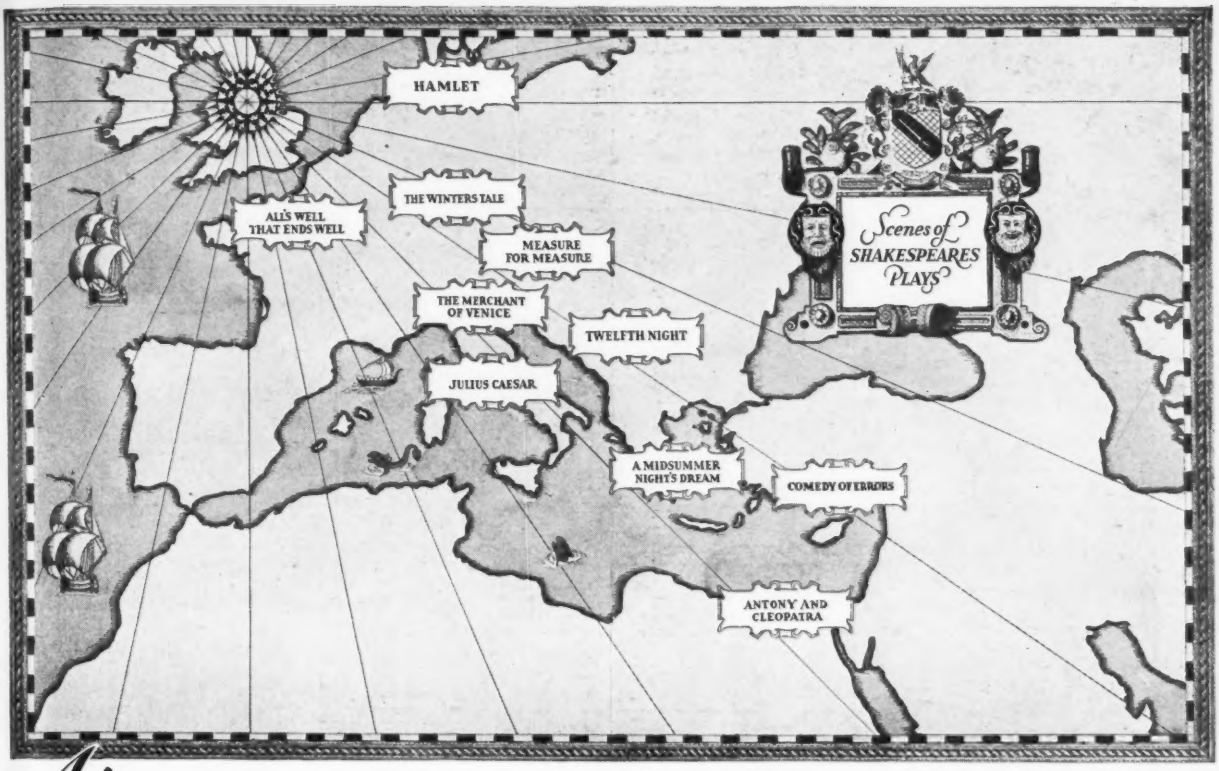
**Moore Push-less Hangers**
In Window-front Packets showing our four sizes. Buy the size you need.
**10c** Packets Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia

**Cuticura Soap and Ointment**

***Delicately Medicated, Sanative and Antiseptic . . . . Pure and Efficient***

Unexcelled for cleansing, purifying and protecting the skin and hair. 50 years world-wide favorites.




# Yet SHAKESPEARE never left ENGLAND!

ALWAYS, the greatest minds have projected themselves into parts of the world other than their own.

Shakespeare, who never left England, laid the scenes of his plays in many parts of the European continent, in Asia Minor, and even in far-off Africa!

Kant, who spent all his life, not merely in Germany, but in the comparatively small city of Koenigsberg in East Prussia, had a remarkably keen interest in the Orient.

Homer and Dante, with none of our present actual knowledge of the earth's form, yet had their own definite conception of the world as a whole.

This interest in the character of the planet we live on is an attribute not only of the very great, but of every truly cultivated man and woman.

It is this interest which makes the study of maps so fascinating.

Crowded with the delights of unexpected finds, historical and literary suggestion, good maps have all the profitable charm of the world's best books.

Why not start now to acquire the stimulating habit of reading them often? Teach your children to enjoy them as well.

Rand McNally & Company have been for 60 years the best known and most highly regarded makers of fine globes, maps, and atlases for general and special uses.

And the habit of precision in detail, so absolutely essential to quality map making, carries over into all Rand McNally & Company's many varied activities.

The GLOBE on the Banke side, where shakspere acted.

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